S/PER/Spec Coll

BULK RATE
U.S. Postage Paid
Ann Arbor, Mich.
Permit No. 92

SERIALS
DEC 28 197
MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES

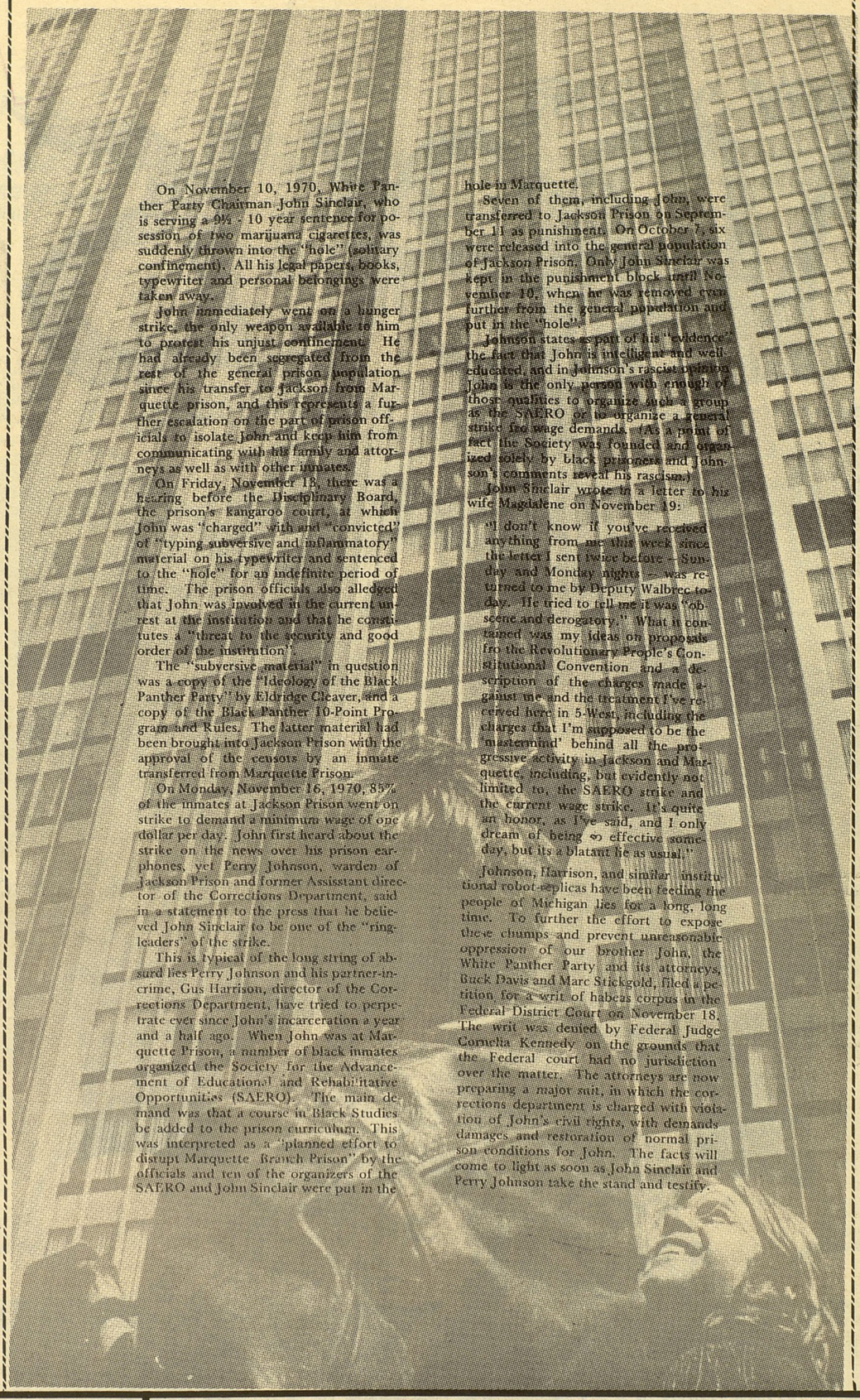
ANN ARBOR
ARGUS
15¢
ISSUE 35
COMMUNITY NEWS SERVICE
17 DECEMBER - 31 DECEMBER

CHRISTMAS SHOULD BE DECEMBER 20

NLF 10TH ANNIVERSARY

This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

JOHN SINCLAIR THROWN IN THE HOLE



On November 10, 1970, White Panther Party Chairman John Sinclair, who is serving a 9½ - 10 year sentence for possession of two marijuana cigarettes, was suddenly thrown into the "hole" (solitary confinement). All his legal papers, books, typewriter and personal belongings were taken away.

John immediately went on a hunger strike, the only weapon available to him to protest his unjust confinement. He had already been segregated from the rest of the general prison population since his transfer to Jackson from Marquette prison, and this represents a further escalation on the part of prison officials to isolate John and keep him from communicating with his family and attorneys as well as with other inmates.

On Friday, November 13, there was a hearing before the Disciplinary Board, the prison's kangaroo court, at which John was "charged" with and "convicted" of "typing subversive and inflammatory" material on his typewriter and sentenced to the "hole" for an indefinite period of time. The prison officials also alledged that John was involved in the current unrest at the institution and that he constitutes a "threat to the security and good order of the institution".

The "subversive material" in question was a copy of the "Ideology of the Black Panther Party" by Eldridge Cleaver, and a copy of the Black Panther 10-Point Program and Rules. The latter material had been brought into Jackson Prison with the approval of the censors by an inmate transferred from Marquette Prison.

On Monday, November 16, 1970, 85% of the inmates at Jackson Prison went on strike to demand a minimum wage of one dollar per day. John first heard about the strike on the news over his prison earphones, yet Perry Johnson, warden of Jackson Prison and former Assisstant director of the Corrections Department, said in a statement to the press that he believed John Sinclair to be one of the "ringleaders" of the strike.

This is typical of the long string of absurd lies Perry Johnson and his partner-in-crime, Gus Harrison, director of the Corrections Department, have tried to perpetrate ever since John's incarceration a year and a half ago. When John was at Marquette Prison, a number of black inmates organized the Society for the Advancement of Educational and Rehabilitative Opportunities (SAERO). The main demand was that a course in Black Studies be added to the prison curriculum. This was interpreted as a "planned effort to disrupt Marquette Branch Prison" by the officials and ten of the organizers of the SAERO and John Sinclair were put in the hole in Marquette.

Seven of them, including John, were transferred to Jackson Prison on September 11 as punishment. On October 7, six were released into the general population of Jackson Prison. Only John Sinclair was kept in the punishment block until November 10, when he was removed even further from the general population and put in the "hole".

Johnson states as part of his "evidence" the fact that John is intelligent and well-educated, and in Johnson's rascist opinion John is the only person with enough of those qualities to organize such a group as the SAERO or to organize a general strike for wage demands. (As a point of fact the Society was founded and organized solely by black prisoners and Johnson's comments reveal his rascism.)

John Sinclair wrote in a letter to his wife Magdalene on November 19:

> "I don't know if you've received anything from me this week since the letter I sent twice before – Sunday and Monday nights – was returned to me by Deputy Walbrec today. He tried to tell me it was 'obscene and derogatory.' What it contained was my ideas on proposals fro the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention and a description of the charges made against me and the treatment I've received here in 5-West, including the charges that I'm supposed to be the 'mastermind' behind all the progressive activity in Jackson and Marquette, including, but evidently not limited to, the SAERO strike and the current wage strike. It's quite an honor, as I've said, and I only dream of being so effective some day, but its a blatant lie as usual."

Johnson, Harrison, and similar institutional robot-replicas have been feeding the people of Michigan lies for a long, long time. To further the effort to expose these chumps and prevent unreasonable oppression of our brother John, the White Panther Party and its attorneys, Buck Davis and Marc Stickgold, filed a petition for a writ of habeas corpus in the Federal District Court on November 18. The writ was denied by Federal Judge Cornelia Kennedy on the grounds that the Federal court had no jurisdiction over the matter. The attorneys are now preparing a major suit, in which the corrections department is charged with violation of John's civil rights, with demands damages and restoration of normal prison conditions for John. The facts will come to light as soon as John Sinclair and Perry Johnson take the stand and testify.

Published by the Ann Arbor Argus, Inc. at 708 Arch Street, Ann Arbor 48104 every two weeks. Member, Liberation News Service (we'll pay you yet!) LNS, Underground Press Syndicate (You Can't Always Get What You Want and responsible for the upcoming book *Best of the Ann Arbor Argus* UPS, American Revolutionary Media (what's happening?) ARM, and the famous Prensa Latina. Next closing date for all copy, which includes photography and grossifieds and all that is 28 DECEMBER.

AND, if you want to have a real fun time laying out this paper, come over Tuesday night, 29 December.

Ann Arbor Argus 708 Arch

ANN ARBOR NETWORK (central information source–what's happening, phone numbers, messages, legal, medical and draft info) **769-6540**

ARM (American Revolutionary Media–organizes newspaper, audio, film, and graphics collectives in the Michigan area. **608 Monroe**

BLACK STUDENT UNION (free breakfast program for kids, information center for revolutionary people's Constitutional Convention, in need of money!) **761-4934**

CANTERBURY HOUSE (occasional rock and roll bands, folk groups, films) **665-0606**

CHILDREN'S COMMUNITY (free for pre-school) **761-1709 (lynn)**

DRUG HELP (helps bad trips, OD's, working on setting up the hard drug committee and the free medical clinic) **761-HELP**

FIFTH FORUM **761-9700**

MR. FLOOD'S PARTY (farthest out bar scene around–sometimes rock and roll, blues bands) **668-9372**

FOOD COOP **482-0898**

FREE U (teach yer own classes, learn what you need to know) **763-2130, 761-7246**

GAY LIBERATION FRONT 761-2296, 769-9082, 761-8036, 761-6310

JOHN SINCLAIR No. 123507, Box 779, Marquette 49855

LEGAL AID **665-3686**

MAGIC HOUSE (films, cultural Political Education classes) **827 McKinley**

MOON BAIL BONDS **439-2530**

OZONE HOUSE (help for runaways, help for most any problem) **769-6540**

RIDE SWITCHBOARD (matches rides needed with rides to be had. Help each other out!) **769-5290**

SECOND COMING (Ypsilanti's revolutionary newspaper) **483-0647**

SISTERS RISING (revolutionary women's group) **761-9161**

SOLSTIS SCHOOL (a free form school at the junior high level) **706 Oakland**

SUMMIT ST. MEDICAL COOP **769-4445**

TENANT'S UNION **763-3102, 764-4404**

WHITE PANTHER NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS **761-1709**

WNRZ RADIO **663-0569**

YPSILANTI TRIBAL COUNCIL **482-5942**

****

CREEM (Detroit's magazine of rock and roll) **831-0816**

FIFTH ESTATE **831-6800**

KEEP ON TRUCKIN COOP (will distribute your newspaper or whatever in the Midwest) **831-1574**

OPEN CITY (central information center of Detroit: has an operating free medical ~~clinic~~) **831-2770**

WABX **961-8888**

WKNR **846-8500**

This content downloaded from 152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

"i want to turn myself in." "for what?" asked the sergeant. "for murder"

said Arville Garland, weeping. "I just murdered my daughter and her hippie friends." The wrecked, middle-aged man and his wife appeared at Detroit's Second Precinct at 2:35 a.m. on May 8.

A jury of nine women and three men found Garland guilty of one count of manslaughter and three counts of second-degree murder on Saturday, December12.

The murder fulfilled a paranoid myth-image of the hippie killer, the father turned grotesque in the mind-fucking context of the death culture, avenger of his daughter's virginity. Garland, now 46, was a railroad-yard switching engineer, a member of the Detroit police emergency reserve, and a regular church-goer. He was devoted to his seventeen-year-old daughter, Sandra, and was incapable of understanding the ways in which she wanted to lead her own life. Sandy was enrolled as a pre-med student at Wayne State, kept at home by her parents, who regulated the ways in which she could use her time and energy. At one point last year she split home due to excess noise coming down from her parents about her friends and dope. Her father hunted her down, hauled her back to the homestead, and threatened to chain her up if she tried that again.

Sandy made another break for it when she and a friend, Donna Sue, rented a pad at freak-filled Stonehead Manor last April. Within a couple of days her parents kidnapped her again and forced her to live at home. During this struggle, Sandy had cultivated friendships with a number of local bizarros at Stonehead Manor, notably an 18-year-0ld dude named Scott Kabran, a musician and poet with shoulder-length red hair. He lived in apartment 9 at Stonehead with a black dude named Gregory Walls, 17. Also hanging around was Anthony Brown, a 16-year-old freak who crashed where he could.

Sandy soon made another dash for free terrritory, returning to Stonehead Manor where her friends were. Garland, sometimes accompanied by his wife Martha, visited the house a few times in the following week, looking for his daughter. Sandy stayed loose and her friends kept the parents confused with jive.

About two in the morning, on May 8, Arville Garland returned to Stonehead Manor with his wife. He was carrying two laoded handguns. He runs down his version of the events that followed in this statement to the police:

"I knew my daughter was in there with Scott. I broke down the door to apartment 9 with my right shoulder. I was carrying a flashlight in my right hand. They were both nude. I pulled out my .38 revolver and struck Scott over the head with the gun as hard as I could. The weapon discharged, killing my daughter, who moaned and fell back. My wife screamed, 'You killed my baby!'

"I said it was an accident. After I knew my daughter was dead, I shot Scott in the head two or three times. I don't remember shooting a colored man named Greg, who was in a bed in the same room, but I remember thinking he probably had been taking turns with my daughter. I remember seeing blood on Greg.

"I put the .38 in my belt and pulled out the Luger and walked into the other room and shone the flashlight at Tony on the couch, and I shot him, I believe, through the forehead. I believe he was having intercourse with my daughter also. They all ruined my daughter."

Garland looked around, trying to find Donna Sue, but Martha got him to leave the house. They drove through near-empty streets to the police station.

Garland was released from Wayne County Jail last September on $30,000 bond because Judge Gillis felt that more time in jail might result in Garland's suicide.

Garland then spent five weeks in Mercywood Hospital outside Ann Arbor, receiving electro-shock treatments to obliterate symptoms of severe depression. He was kept doped up during his trial, eating three tranquilizers a day and using downers to sleep at night. He cried a lot anyway.

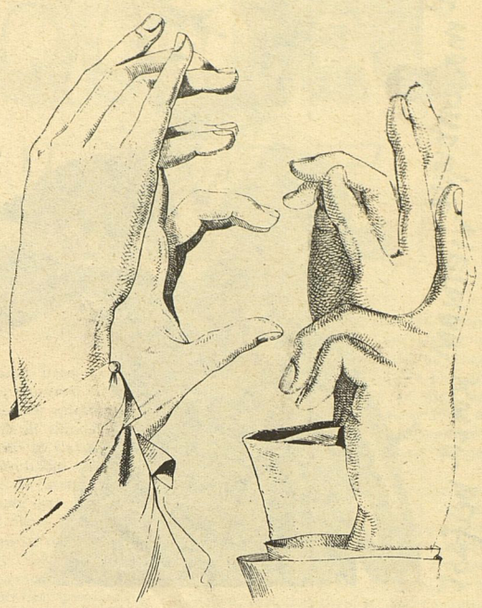
The attorneys for the defense argued that Garland shot his daughter accidentally and was insane when he offed the three dudes. The jury didn't buy the insanity plea, and found him guilty of manslaughter in the killing of his daughter and second-degree murder in the shooting of her three friends.

Arville Garland is back in Wayne County Jail, and will be sentenced Friday. He could receive anything from probation to a life of imprisonment.

Sandy

UPI

Arville



after 2 years of sporadic fighting in the hills
on December 20, 1960
the national liberation front was
b o r n.
the NLF
brought together
diverse cultural, political and religious
forces
FIGHTING for the
LIBERATION of their country from
the *death*-grip of U.S. aggression.
the N.L.F. is
LIVING – it's an irrepressible LIFE FORCE
which we / as women identify with / and
support as part of our own struggle.

December 20 1970 we will CELEBRATE
with our comrades the anniversary
of the N.L.F.
and PROCLAIM after 2 years of
sporadic fighting
the BIRTH of
an ANTI–IMPERIALISTIC WOMEN'S
MOVEMENT
MOVING
directed against these *death*-grip
politics
We will CELEBRATE
· the courage and humanity of our
Vietnamese sisters and brothers
and affirm our committment
to our common struggle for the
liberation of ALL PEOPLE.

in N.Y. women are bailing out sisters
caged in the house of D / junkies and
Prostitutes and shoplifters imprisoned
There for months because of (poverty) capitalism
because they
couldn't pay the $25 or $100 bail.

in Boston, in Washington, in Buffalo,
in Chicago, in Berkeley, SISTERS are
opening health clinics/
community schools
(naming them after Madame Binh)
rallying, acting, making music

in Ann Arbor we're
DANCING
the death of the death culture / life of the
LIFE CULTURE

with a woman's rock and roll band.
sisters and brothers
are welcome.

December 20, 1970
Canterbury House
at 8.

and
VENCEREMOS!

This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

brazil mozambique VIETNAM korea belfast roxbury VIETNAM puerto rico laos VIETNAM chile quebec cambodia VIETNAM zimbabwe cuba

KY WHIZ
at the golden gate

Nguyen Cao Ky came to town Tuesday and touched off the most militant demonstration since the storming of City Hall last May. While the Saigon puppet softpedalled his politics to members of the business-oriented Commonwealth Club in the Fairmont Hotel, 6000 protestors marched in a picket line across the street. But the well-monitored line soon broke down into angry groups who had more militant ideas about how to deal with Ky's visit.

The demonstration had been organized by the Peace Center (BAYPAC), National Coalition Against War, Racism and Repression and the Downtown Peace Coalition, but the managing of the event bore the Trotskyist markings of the Peace Center contingent. There were sound trucks at each end of the block facing the Fairmont spewing forth pleas to "please keep moving", "Let's let Ky see how many of us there are," "Please stay on the sidewalks," etc., etc.

Voices from the trucks tried to start inane chants like "peace now" and "Hey now, what do you know, the Fairmont's having a puppet show" but they weren't picked up by the crowd. However, when Cecil Williams tried to palm off "1-2-3-4, we don't want your god damned war," the people jumped on it, quickly changing the "goddamned" to "fucking". Never once were the bull horns turned toward the Fairmont to tell Ky and the Commonwealthers what we thought of them.

A brother approached an uptight woman in one of the sound trucks with a list of far out Vietnamese obscenities. She recoiled from the paper and called him a chauvinist and sexist.

There were hordes of monitors trying to keep people on the sidewalk, keeping them moving, apologizing to pigs, and generally bumming people out. With 250-350 SF cops and 100 plainclothes men on hand, not to mention Secret Service, Customs and Intenal Revenue pigs, we didn't need any self-appointed hogs to tell us what to do.

The picketing lasted about two hours and included some fine guerilla theatre. Bread and Puppet Theatre, dressed in gray death masks cast from the face of a Vietnamese woman and black robes, tied together with rope shackles, marched to a solemn drum beat. At half block intervals the line fell to the sidewalk while a papier mache bomber was laid over their bodies. Resurrection Medicine Show did puppets and music as they marched around the block. There were large contingents of chicanos, Chinese, Indians, gay liberation and women's liberation, but few blacks.

Although there were placards, a sea of NLF flags was the majority statement. One Muni bus driver, Sam Wards, carried a San Francisco flag "to show we're not the enemy." There were Amerikan flags and some weirdie signs like "Welcome to San Francisco".

One group waited at the Powell St. entrance to the Fairmont hoping to catch Ky as he entered. As it turned out, Ky had been sneaked into the hotel at 3 am Monday night. Several people in that group recognized Chief Nelder and called out, "Hi, Snooky." He waved and returned the greeting.

Meanwhile, inside the Fairmont, Richard Lippman, a student teacher at SF State, unfurled an NLF flag from the balcony and yelled, "This man is lying to you." Ky didn't get uptight, but members of the Commonwealth Club yelled, "Throw him out", "Give him a haircut", and "Castrate him." Lippman was hustled out by Feds. It's far out that at least one person penetrated the super security at the Fairmont. The Commonwealthies saw that they couldn't escape from the revolution no matter what precautions they used.

As everyone outside wearied of the futile picketing, large knots of people gathered across from the Fairmont and in Huntington park next to the Pacific Union club. Tensions mounted. An NLF flag went up the pole in the park to cheers. Chanting was replaced by Algierian whooping. Mounted cops moved down California St. and began pushing the crowd back on the sidewalk. As one particularly vicious mounted cop rode into the people, a brother yelled, "That won't make your penis any bigger." The monitors got frantic and urged everyone to please go to the rally on the steps of Grace Cathedral. Nobody moved. "What do you mean, rally? The rally's right here in front of the Fairmont." "He's only going to be here once." "There's one of the super pigs of the world in that hotel and you're talking about rallies."

As it turned out, the rally, which drew about 150 people, was short lived. After a Vietnamese brother had spoken, the chairman announced that all those at the rally should join their brothers at the Fairmont, and the rally dispersed.

Some brothers who were at the back entrance to the hotel around 1:45 think that Ky was smuggled out of the building in a bakery truck. First a contingent of Secret Service men came out of the exit, followed by Chief Nelder in a Cadillac. The bakery truck followed the Cad. Since Ky had an appointment to dine with Reagan, it's reasonable to assume he left the hotel during the afternoon.

Meanwhile the tension was mounting as brothers and sisters started a move to take the street. Whooping, screaming freaks ran back and forth across California St., dodging cars, while matrons in cloth coats with peace buttons clicked their tongues and said, "They're going to spoil it all." Unfortunately they didn't spoil it all because most of the crowd was uncertain whether or not to follow their lead and the right moment passed.

The vibes were getting heavier but no one had actually been beat up yet. People were into talking to the pigs in messages that ranged from "We're going to have pork chops for lunch" to "Why are you working for Big Brother who oppresses you as much as me?" One girl had a cop enthralled with advice about how he should stop being a pig and join the good life. Then she blew his mind with the obvious conclusion of what would happen to him if he didn't. It was a masterful example of how to lay the message on a pig in a quiet and logical way. Her rap was: When you go home tonight, take off your uniform for good. Tomorrow dress in casual clothes and come to our commune in the Haight. We'll talk to you, love you, and turn you on. But if you go home tonight, take off you uniform, and then get up tomorrow and put it back on, and keep doing that, then we'll eventually have to kill you.

The cops were getting jumpier. It was obvious that they had been told to avoid overreaction and mass arrests. One black dude went to cross the street. The Tac Squad was lined up facing the sidewalk. As he stepped off the curb, a pig literally jumped, told him to stop. The dude told him that he only wanted to cross the street. The pig smiled very sheepishly and waved him on.

Incongruously, a school bus drove up past the Fairmont. All the elementary school children looked out the windows, registered the scene, and raised fists and V signs, laughing and waving at the demonstrators. Then an official Marine Corps car drove up California St. Someone stuck an NLF flag in the windshield and the Marine inside raised his fist in solidarity. The pigs couldn't stomach this and moved on the crowd, which became so angry that the people turned on the Marine car and trashed it.

From then on it was weighty as protestors and pigs fanned out in isolated encounters. Without warning, mounted cops galloped into the park to disperse the crowd gathered there after a window in the Pacific Union Club had been smashed. Heads were busted and the crowd surged into the street to avoid the rampage. They were pushed back to the sidewalk by Tac Squadders on foot and mounties who used their stirrups to bash any stragglers. Those who had taken to trees to escape were brutally clubbed from their perches.

Then the Tac Squad moved on people gathered on the steps of Grace Cathedral. Knots of fleeing people were clubbed up against the church doors and several were severely beaten. Some found a narrow passageway to escape through. The pigs then started a sweep up California St. between Mason and Jones, dividing the crowd. After the sweep they massed at a Union 76 gas station on the corner of California and Jones, where they made selective arrests. "We need some more meat," a sergeant told a patrolman, "If you see anyone you like, grab him."

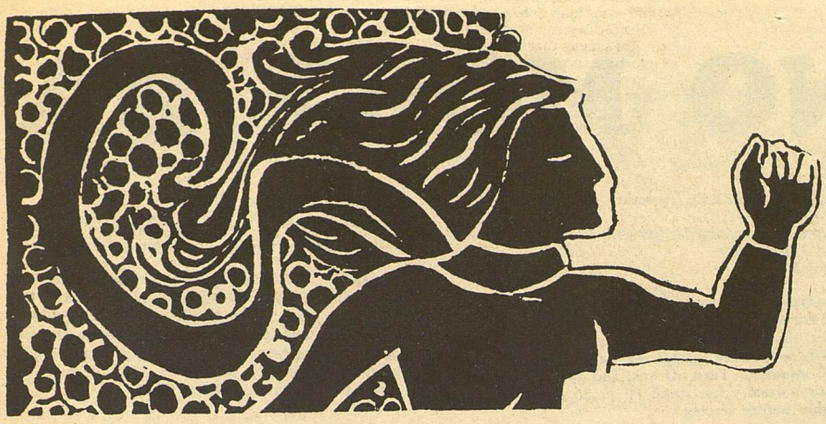
Two young women were wrestled out of the crowd, beaten and forced up against a pig car. The sisters were righteous, struggling, cursing and raising clenched fists as the pigs dragged them away. Soon after, four Tac Squaders ran toward a knot of people in the church back doorway. It looked like they were going to trash everyone there, but theywere after one dude who ran down California. He would have escaped, but some long haired traitor tripped him and the cops closed in. They dragged him back to the gas station with a club pulled so tightly against his neck that his face was scarlet.

Small groups had broken off from the main crowd and ran through Nob Hill, trashing symbols of oppression. Rocks flew through windows of the Pacific Union Club, while wealthy members watched the revolution unfold on the streets below. A chaffeur-driven limosine pulling out of the club was righteously smashed.

The pigs pushed a group of demonstrators along Taylor St. until they reached a PG&E pipeline construction site between Sacrament and Clay. Pieces of pipe and chunks of broken pavement provided ammunition for the people to ward off the pigs. One cop got hit in the head as the group quickly constructed a barricade out of the PG&E sawhorses at the site. A PG&E com-

photo/ted benhari

This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms



QUEBEC LIBRE

Dear Sisters,

We felt that it would be a good idea for us to write to you, to explain how the situation in Quebec is affecting us. We'd like to explain to you how we feel the struggle of the FLQ is connected to ours as women.

The FLQ has been attempting to demonstrate to people the nature of our political system—a system that is built upon the exploitation of people in their labour; and this hits home to us as women: we know how OUR labour is used!

We feel that the Quebecoises and Quebecois would never have been able to achieve the independence of Quebec through the "democratic provincial election"—the War Measures Act or some variation on it would have been brought in to dissipate the independentist liberation movement long before a "majority" was gained. To begin with, the "democratic process" has proved itself no more than the richest people putting up expensive campaigns in voting areas set up so that, in the last provincial election, even a party receiving 24% of the popular vote got only 7 seats out of 108 in parliament. In addition, movements here in Quebec are growing more and more militant as we repeatedly hit barriers protecting the unjust controls that property owners (mostly English) hold over the majority of people (mostly French). Implementation of the War Measures Act was inevitable.

We are sending out the FLQ manifesto so that you can read the aims of this organization and understand the situation in Quebec; the organization is now outlawed. The War Measures Act was not implemented because a kidnapping took place. It was implemented because a great many of us showed support for the aims of the FLQ. Immediately after Cross and then Laporte were taken, radical youth, various labour organizations and a good percentage of the Quebec population supported the political analysis of the Manifesto. The FLQ was getting a fair amount of coverage through sympathetic journalists and radio announcers. Marchand tried to panic people by his statements that the FLQ had infiltrated all the vital places of the Province of Quebec and all the key posts where decisions are made. He was attempting to "prove" the need for repression before the movement could gain enough power to obtain victory. The Federal and Provincial governments are losing control over the situation here. We are moving toward taking back into our own hands what belongs to us. We are moving toward a society in which property is abolished. And this means to us, sisters, women freed from being the property of men.

The events of the past month have had some disastrous effects on the situation here. With the wave of horror at Laporte's death came the War Measures Act, and complete news blackout. All descriptions and explanation of the events and of the FLQ are now in the words of those who strictly condone the governmental system that oppresses us as women.

Over 3000 raids have been carried out, most of them in Montreal. Over 400 have been detained for questioning and about 100 are still in jail. People speaking sympathetically in Canada are losing their jobs and/or being watched. Here, it is impossible to attempt any explanations, or to carry any literature on the streets, or to have it in your house. It is obvious to us that this Act was invoked to literally "take apart" the whole liberation movement. Friends now out of prison report that questioning is pointed at the theory that this is a "foreign commie plot". Those in power still refuse to believe that it is simply the people here reacting to their situation. The police are examining every aspect of every movement that is considered dangerous, taking pictures, fingerprinting, keeping leaders locked up, questioning extensively, raiding all of our communications centres, clinics, offices; confiscating all of the machinery, literature, and arms stored up to this point. This is why it is even more important now for literature to be published and spread; this is also why we unfortunately have to send this to you more or less anonymously.

To get down to the most important aspect of this: any government will be as oppressive to us as women as the present one, should male chauvinism be carried over to infect the true nature of socialism, and to continue the exploitation of women. We are not yet strong here, sisters. We are only beginning to develop a strong base, and to change the still male chauvinist movement in Quebec. We understand that we cannot possibly win until we are strong as women. The working men in their awakening struggle do not get our unequivocal support as long as they demand sole male access to some jobs, as long as they demand that women work for them in the homes, in their "proper feminine roles."

We do know that there are sisters in jail, under the War Measures Act. We do know that sisters who have supported the aims of the FLQ have been picked up, and that three have been charged with membership in the FLQ. There is evidence, too, that there are some women involved in the kidnappings, who are therefore obviously in danger of being caught. They need our freedom, our support; verbal and written. And in terms of the Liberation movement in Quebec, we will never cease in confronting male chauvinism. We are not sure to what extent members of the FLQ are aware of the oppression of women. We realize that if our struggle is set aside, our efforts are to no avail whatsoever.

It is hard to work, now. Especially as the Women's Movement in Quebec is only about one year old. But we won't stop when we come up against the barrier of "illegality". If we do, we will lose. That's the plan of those in power, oppressing us.

In sisterhood,

NOUS VAINCRONS (we will win)

your sisters

pressor was fired.

Another barricade was thrown together at Clay & Taylor and was set afire as the cops approached. Another fire broke out in an apartment house on Taylor. Firetrucks were constantly rushing through the Nob Hill area to answer 2 true and 17 false alarms. Firemen eventually put on riot helmets as the action escalated.

On Leavenworth St. a Muni bus tried to push through a crowd in the street. Someone slashed the front tires of the bus and the disabled vehicle formed a street barricade on the corner of California. Within minutes another bus with deflated tires was blocking Pine and Leavenworth. A motorcycle cop who had come to the aid of the buses left his bike unattended a second too long and it was trashed.

A motorcycle pig who made the mistake of driving up to a crowd by himself was pulled from his bike, and beaten by a crowd of 20. The bike too became the victim of the people's wrath. Another lone cop, William Navin, was jumped near the Fairmont. His helmet and night stick were ripped off and he received injuries to the head.

The pigs were really into busting heads by this time. Badge #115 severely beat a woman who wouldn't move fast enough to suit him. A brother from Good Times was beaten to the sidewalk by three pigs. When he tried to get up, they repeatedly hit his knee, making it impossible to rise. He finally escaped with the aid of his wife.

A police ambulance was stoned at the corner of Leavenworth and California and the driver suffered minor cuts. A grocery store at Taylor and Clay was relieved of some fruit and eggs by brothers looking for ammunition. Several shops on Taylor had their windows broken and one group even made it to the Metropolitan Life Insurance building below Stockton between Pine and California to trash glass.

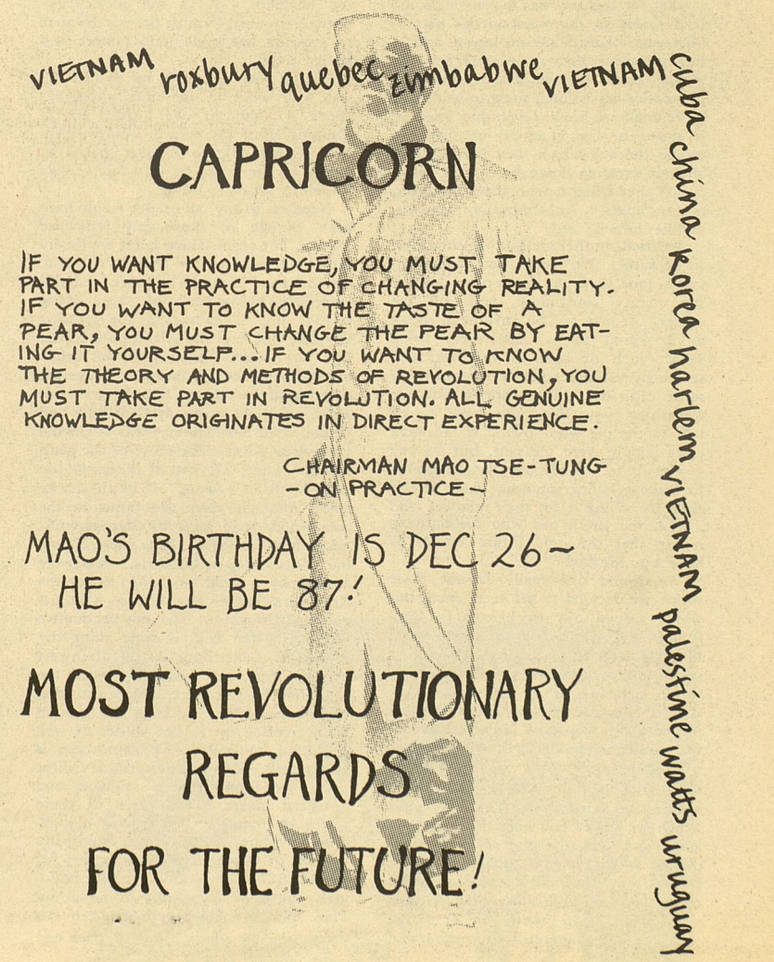
Arrests mounted to 29, including six juveniles and two people busted for "singing obscene ballads". At least two cops and three demonstrators were treated at hospitals, but that is a small minority of those actually injured.

The Ky demonstration represents a new era in San Francisco mass actions. Almost everyone there realized the futility of picketing and chanting, and militancy was at a high level. But earlier confrontations had also taught us the futility of direct mass clashes with the pigs. The toll is too high for the minor injury inflicted on the system. The diversionary forays which came down Tuesday showed that we're wising up to how to deal with the pigs.

Since so many cops were stationed in defensive positions at the Fairmont, there were few available to protect the surrounding area. Apparently Chief Nelder thought we were going to be suicidal enough to rush the Farimont. There were maybe 25 mounted cops and 100 Tac Squaders to deal with the crowd. Since the forces were so thin, small groups of 4 or 6 pigs had to handle isolated incidents. As a result, a lot of them were surrounded and trashed.

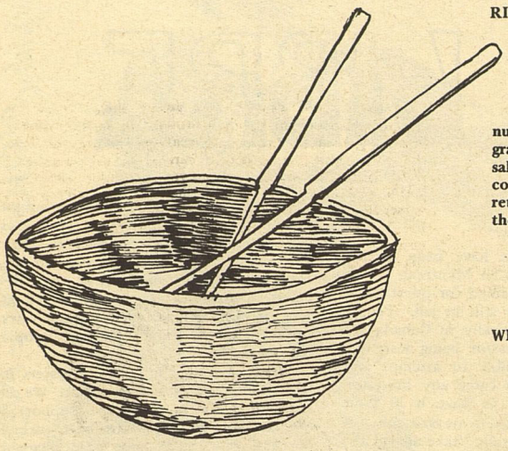
The one element lacking in the crowd was a sense of decision and spontaneous united action. There was a sense of uncertainty about how to move. But a sense of common action developed among smaller groups as events escalated. One thing became apparent... people are no longer waiting to get hit by a cop to justify vamping on one. We became offensive rather than defensive, which was very appropriate since the pigs were in a defensive position to start with. We made our point and escaped with few injuries and arrests. We ought to think about preparations for future demonstrations--helmets and other accessories are very useful.

The revolution looks a lot closer.


VIETNAM roxbury quebec zimbabwe VIETNAM
CAPRICORN
IF YOU WANT KNOWLEDGE, YOU MUST TAKE PART IN THE PRACTICE OF CHANGING REALITY. IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TASTE OF A PEAR, YOU MUST CHANGE THE PEAR BY EATING IT YOURSELF... IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE THEORY AND METHODS OF REVOLUTION, YOU MUST TAKE PART IN REVOLUTION. ALL GENUINE KNOWLEDGE ORIGINATES IN DIRECT EXPERIENCE.
CHAIRMAN MAO TSE-TUNG
-ON PRACTICE-
MAO'S BIRTHDAY IS DEC 26~
HE WILL BE 87!
MOST REVOLUTIONARY
REGARDS
FOR THE FUTURE!
cuba china korea harlem vietnam palestine watts uruguay

This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

NO MORE BA



RICE CREAM CEREAL (pressure cooked)

1 cup rice cream powder (serves 3 to 4)
3½ to 4 cups water
¼ tsp salt

Saute rice cream powder in ¼ tsp oil until there is a nut-like fragrance. Cool the powder. Add cold water gradually, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Add salt. When pressure comes up full, lower heat and cook 20 minutes. Turn off heat and allow pressure to return to normal. Let stand 10 to 20 minutes. Mix thoroughly before serving.

—recipes copped from *Zen Cookery, The Natural Foods Cookbook and Cookbook of Breads*—

WHOLE WHEAT BANANA BREAD

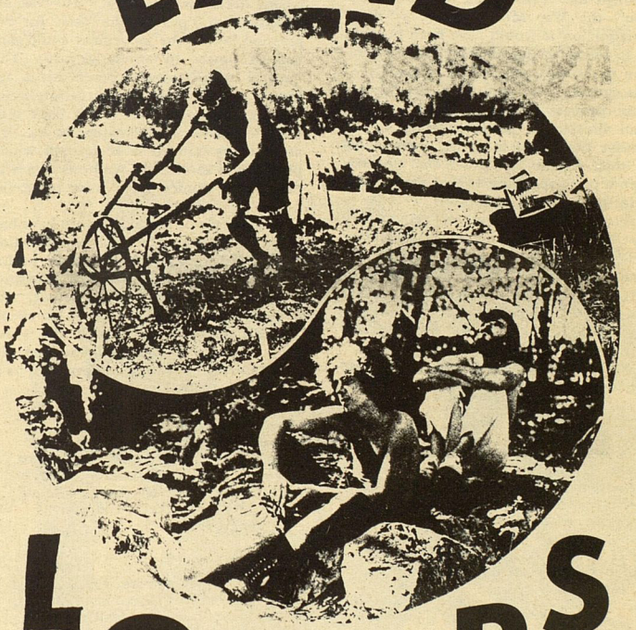
½ cup (¼ lb.) butter or margarine
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, slightly beaten
3 medium sized bananas (1 cup mashed)
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
2 cups whole wheat flour
1/3 cup hot water
½ cup chopped walnuts

Melt butter and blend in sugar. Mix in beaten eggs and mashed bananas, blending until smooth. Stir whole wheat flour in with salt and soda. Add dry ingredients alternately with hot water. Stir in chopped nut meats. Turn into a greased, 9 by 5 inch loaf pan. Bake in a moderately slow oven (325 degrees) for one hour and 10 minutes. Makes 1 loaf.

LENTIL SOUP

1½ cups lentils, washed
1½ quarts stock
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons nutritional yeast
2 stalks celery and tops, chopped
1 tablespoon celery seeds, ground
1 onion, sliced
2 carrots, diced
1½ cups tomatoes, stewed
2 tablespoons oil

LAND LOVERS



We started searching for fram land last March not knowing what prices were like and not being sure where to start or where to inquire. One kid's parents have a cottage in Bear Lake, so we went up there to stay and began looking in northern Manistee, Benzie, and Leelanau counties. The United Farm Agency puts out a catalogue which lists farms for sale everywhere in the country and since we had looked through one of these, we decided to try them first. Although they do list things of interest, (i.e. small parcels and low prices), there was nothing available through them at the time. They seemed to be selling small parcels mostly to old bourgies who want a chunk of land and can afford to pay for it. There was also a great deal of commercial property available. We inquired at other local realty firms especially in Bear Lake and found that the same was essentially true: they are interested in selling to hunters and summer vacationers from the south. Many retirees own cottages there and commute to Florida fo the winter. The fact that there is a large market for this sort has in general caused land prices to skyrocket in this part of Michigan. Farms are no longer sold at low prices as they once were because people know that in a short time the population explosion is going to be driving more andmore honks (even they know it is shitty to live in cities) up north to escape the hell which they have created and are creating down here. The irony is that they bring it with them: cottages, motor boats, snowmobiles, campers, mobile homes, etc.

We tried another method which proved to be futile. We would find abandoned farms, look them up in the plat books of the county courthouse, and call the owners. It may not be obvious to some, as it wasn't to us, that every living square inch of land in this vast and seemingly endless country is owned by some capitalist. Therefore, if you see something you like, you have to go talk to the pig who "owns" it. In most cases people were pleasant, but no one was ready to sell because they all expect to make a killing sometime later or else they are saving it for their relatives who live in the south but who instinctively realize that the only future any of us have is on the land.

We found one really far-out place which we decided to get at all costs, but which turned out to belong to Consumers' Power. We then uncovered through a series of inquiries the future which is currently being planned for the whole western side of the state. Consumers' is constructing a series of nuclear power plants on Lake Michigan (which will consequently be victimized by thermal pollution) which are to provide electricity for millions of people who are soon to be living there. The forty acres which we found had been sold to them and it was only the first of many other parcels which they are planning to buy so that they can build a reservoir for the reactor which will be in Arcadia. Arcadia is a small town south of Frankfort which is uncommercialized, untouristy, and practically uninhabited. Consumers' Power somehow knows that the area south of Crystal Lake will need its own reactor. Apparently their computer is predicting great changes for the area which is perhaps the most beautiful in Michigan. We talked to a county agricultural agent in Beulah (county seat of Benzie). He was that type of naturalist who, in his naivete, is thoroughly radical. As it turns out many county agents are earth-oriented and are a good source of advice and information.

He said that Consumers is buying land all around there at fantastically high prices ($1000/A. for land that was previously worth $100/A.) As a result, prices had become incredibly high everywhere in the county. He recommended that we try the interior staying away from the coast, the only part where the land is decent enough for farming, the inland areas being largely sand and covered by pine forests. He also advised us to go to the U.P. if we really wanted cheap farm land, the lower peninsula having been lost entirely to the death culture. Actually, the northern L.P. is not particularly fertile land: most farming there is devoted to growing low-grade pulp lumber and cherry trees.

Having thus been put up against the wall (we were in the area altogether about a month), we headed north, stopping along the way in beautiful Antrim county only to discover that it is owned by the skiing set who buy chalets for winter access to Boyne.

Needless to say, all of this would have been enough to thoroughly radicalize anyone, but again taking heart we finally found our way to the Upper Peninsula. We first tried around St. Ignace. Land is extremely cheap east of there along M-134, but it is useless for growing anything but hay; the inland parts of the U.P. are simply too cold and frostbitten for productive farming. There are some pitifully poor, but large farms north of such towns as Cedarville and Hessel. Our next attempt was in Crystal Falls—Iron River. The sense of the place was the same, i.e. that it is simply too cold to make a living off of the rocky land, although there are farms in the area which were built by Swedes who raised families there. Now there is only one "cash crop": potatoes. We were advised by a local psychotic to try the Keweenaw Peninsula: L'Anse, Ontonagon, and Houghton. The only productive farming in the U.P. is done along the shores of Lake Superior in the west because, for some climatic reason, the snow falls heavier there, thereby providing enough insulation to keep the ground from freezing up in the winter as well as adding moisture. The landscape is also superb, often rememiscent of California. We found several available and potential places in all three of these towns by inquiring and leaving our address at various realty offices. We finally wound up buying a 60 acre parcel for $1600 ($27/A.), wooded, without buildings, south of Houghton from an old Finn and have not at all regretted this decision. One of us is part Finnish and this helped quite a bit since Finns are terribly close and are very ready to help each other. Most of them came to Amerika to escape the Russian army which was forcibly drafting young Finns during the Occupation. No hassle about being hippies. No politics. Most people are peasants in the European tradition, kind, simple, generous, poor. Many of the older ones are on welfare. There are also productive farms raising potatoes and strawberries. Dairying and horse breeding are also practiced. The land is not the best (which isn't very important if you farm organically), but if you can find it, it is cheap. It is also very far from here which gives a real sense of security. The air is clean and you can see all of the stars at night. Resurrection sunsets are common in the summer and Lake Superior is two miles down the road.

Cheap land is disappearing in this country and this is a very important fact to those of us who want and need it, but who have no stake in the Amerikan system of greed and debauchery and who don't therefore have money to pay the $500 to $1000/A. for farm land in Washtenaw County. The U.P. (and also northern Wisconsin and Minnesota), though perhaps colder and less suitable for farming (the winter is about one month longer), is one of the few places where poor people can go to get land is also one of the few truly safe places outside of Canada. But such places will also no doubt begin to be used up as have the popular Vermont and Oregon and then we will be forced to go to Canada.

Land reform must be an essential goal of the revolution. So far, honky liberals have failed to take note of this problem, as is normal since they never notice problems until they are beyond all solving. But the North Country is beginning to die as surely as Southern Michigan is already dead. There must be severe limitations placed upon the use of land everywhere in Amerika and priority must be given to the creation of communal, organic farms so that the survival of at least some of us will be assured after World War III, the Great Famine, and the Great Retribution which will soon engulf and destroy Babylon.

Free the Land!
Free the People!

This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

KERS JIVE

1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon tarragon

Place lentils in pot. Add stock, salt and yeast. Cover. Simmer until almost tender. Add rest of ingredients. Cover. Simmer until carrots are done, about 15 minutes longer. Serves 6.

Variation: For a thicker soup, puree cooked lentils and return to soup.

VEGETABLE STOCK

4 cups vegetables, chopped (carrots, celery, fennel, spinach, turnip, knob celery or any preferred combination)
1 onion, sliced
1 sprig parsley
½ teaspoon thyme
½ teaspoon savory
1 tablespoon salt
1 quart water

Put all ingredients in a large pot. Cover tightly. Simmer gently for 30 minutes. Cool. Strain.

BUCKWHEAT AND POTATO SOUP

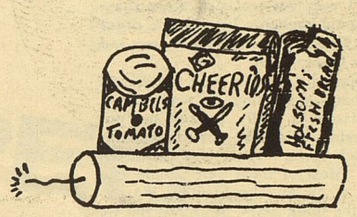
1½ quarts stock
4 potatoes, raw, cubed
2 large onions, sliced
¼ cup buckwheat groats
3 tablespoons nutritional yeast
1 cup milk
1 sprig parsley, minced
1 teaspoon oregano

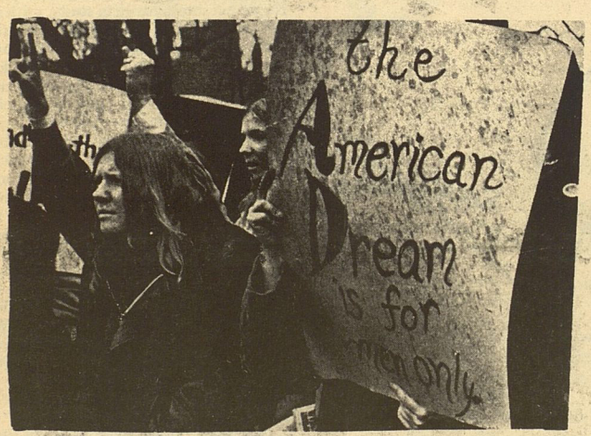
Bring stock to boil. Add potatoes, onion, buckwheat, and yeast. Blend. Cover. Simmer until potatoes are tender. Stir in milk and herbs. Simmer 5 minutes longer. Serves 6.

PAELLA (a Spanish rock and fish dish)

2 cups rice
4 cups boiling water
5 shrimp (cleaned and veined)
5 scallops
1 medium onion (minced)
1 small carrot (sliced thin)
½ tsp salt
1 tsp Tamari soy sauce
1½ tsp oil

Wash rice and drain. In a heavy skillet roast the rice in ½ tsp oil until golden brown. In another skillet in 1 tsp oil, saute shrimps and scallops and remove from the pan. Saute onions and carrots in the same pan until ightly browned. Remove vegetables and add water and bring to a boil. Place all ingredients in a casserole, mix and cover. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 1 hour. If desired, 5 minutes before the end of cooking, sprinkle ¼ cup of peas over the top for decoration.





"Things were fragmented, disconnected, confused all over. The women's center at times seemed to be a microcosm of the whole convention. Unfortunately, but better at least we were together, some of us."

—Sister at Trinity Church, Wash., DC.

The first thing we heard upon arriving in Washington Friday afternoon was that Howard University would not be the site of the Constitutional Convention. We, like almost everyone else, felt a lot of confusion and doubt about the future of the convention. Especially since there wasn't a place to hold it.

We went to Trinity women's center on Friday. There were trucks in front of the registration church covered with posters of women's struggle waiting to drive over there. In any case it wasn't hard to get to. Almost any sister would drive you if you asked and there wasn't any loss of women going. The women's center was all three floors of a building at Trinity College, a Catholic girl's school. The building was gotten on the condition (the nuns' condition) that no men would be allowed in to sleep.

There was an incomplete sense to the place on Friday. Sisters were setting up camp, meeting old friends, distributing literature, putting up posters, rapping in small groups and WAITING.

Sisters were there for a number of reasons. There were women who had disaffiliated themselves from the Panthers after Philadelphia, who'd come entirely for the women's center. And the women who'd come in hopes of creating a new constitution. It wasn't that simple! The women's center seemed the most well-organized place in Washington to be that weekend.

We kept meeting sisters from communities all over the nation, working with different types of women— working class, middle-class exploited housewives, grease sisters, students, Asians, Indian women, sisters in every conceivable situation working on particular community programs relating to their social groups.

We were there as street women in freak communities. A lot of sisters seemed eager to hear about what we were doing. Too often the women's liberation movement tends to ignore street women. We'd run down about the specific oppression of street women, the earth-mother trip, V.D. epidemics, the need for women's crash pads, chick consciousness. . .

When we'd gotten to the center on Friday, the Panthers press statement had just been read. The announcement that the constitution wouldn't be held at Howard until the people of the campus and Washington community liberated it and controlled the institutions of the community. We split up into groups to discuss it.

A lot of us responded in a reactionary manner. Some of us thought the only thing liberation could mean was trashing/taking over the university. Some of us had too much respect for the Panthers to think that they'd lead us into the valley of death. There were hundreds of National Guard around that school. We were unprepared. The Panthers didn't make it clear.

It was an uneasy discussion. In my group we jumped to conclusions, not clear analysis. We built a theory on a rumor, on unclear evidence. No one really knew what the Panthers wanted. We wanted a Constitutional Convention. We drew up a statement that said we wanted a constitution more than we wanted Howard. We used— St. Stephens' Church, All Souls Church, American University to insure that the constitution was written, because that was the priority.

The rally held Friday night was very disorganized. There were rumors circulating that the Panthers were ready to hold the convention "by any means necessary," in the streets if necessary. At that point it seemed inevitable that heavy trashing and correspondingly heavy pig retaliation would result from any attempt to take to the streets.

They felt women's and gay people's struggles were being disregarded by the Panthers. When the Lumpen, the Panther band, played at the Friday night rally, they said we must put an end to imperialism, racism, and capitalism— no mention of sexism.

About 300 unsisterly mostly white women gathered in one of the most uptight women's meetings I've ever attended. I've never been at a meeting where women screamed, yelled at each other, "Shut up, you have no right to speak."

Some women were so taken with the idea of seizing Trinity that they monopolized the floor and didn't let other sisters speak. No consideration was given to what we would do once we took Trinity. There'd be a pig vamp for sure "after the take-over." And no one was able to speak about how tactically unfeasible defending Trinity would be. The meeting broke up in as much confusion as it started. Sisters felt frustrated that they hadn't been able to discuss their alienation from the convention and in particular from the Black Panther Party.

People started gathering about 5:00PM overflowing into the streets in front of St. Stephen's Church on Newton Street. Michael Tabor and Bob Scheer and Huey Newton spoke. Huey said he'd realized the Party had been incorrect in not taking the criticisms levelled at it. He said there is no way we can have a constitution without the liberated area to apply it to. It is just a piece of paper, a written vision without actual practice and a revolutionary community to back it up with guns. Most of us agreed by then.

Saturday morning we all met in front of St. Stephen's church. People milled around, held reunions, waited. A schedule of events of the day was passed out. It said the constitution would be read to us that evening. People began to feel resentment. We thought we'd come to Washington to write the constitution. Now it seemed that the constitution was already written, presumably by the Panthers. A number of people felt the Panthers were acting authoritarian— refusing to give out information, telling people what to do without full explanations. Others thought the pigs were behind the confusion, that they were trying to sabotage the convention and put the Panthers in a bad situation in order to make the people turn against them.

Saturday afternoon workshops on various topics were supposed to happen back at Trinity. By midafternoon rumors about a women's seizure of Trinity were circulating. What small, unorganized workshops existed broke up and everyone reassembled together.

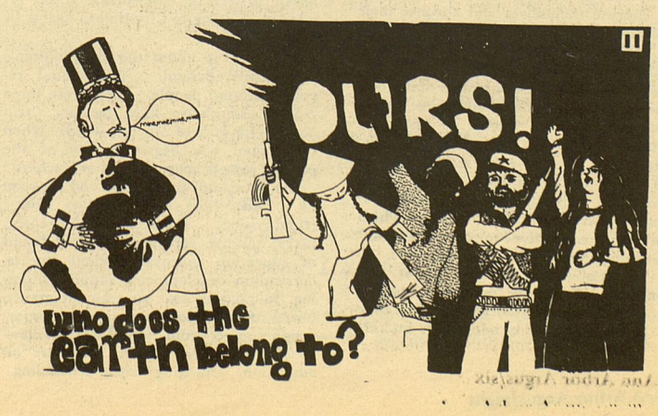
Women thought of writing our own constitution. On Saturday of that incredible meeting people were screaming at each other. Nothing like women's "life-force" politics. Some women came on in really heavy macho ways like pig plants would, like sows. One urged us to liberate Trinity to prove to the Panthers what the "women's movement" could do. Even though we had no way of defending the place. There were thousands of pigs around seething to fuck us over. And most of all none of us knew if the Panthers would want Trinity. No one knew what they wanted. We kept waiting for them, as if the revolution was going to be handed to us and we wouldn't have to build it ourselves.

Many women felt they had been manipulated and fucked over by the Black Panther Party.

Apparently after Huey spoke and people saw that he addressed himself to some of their feelings they had been having all weekend, they didn't feel all that alienated. Still a lot of criticisms and questions have got to be cleared up.

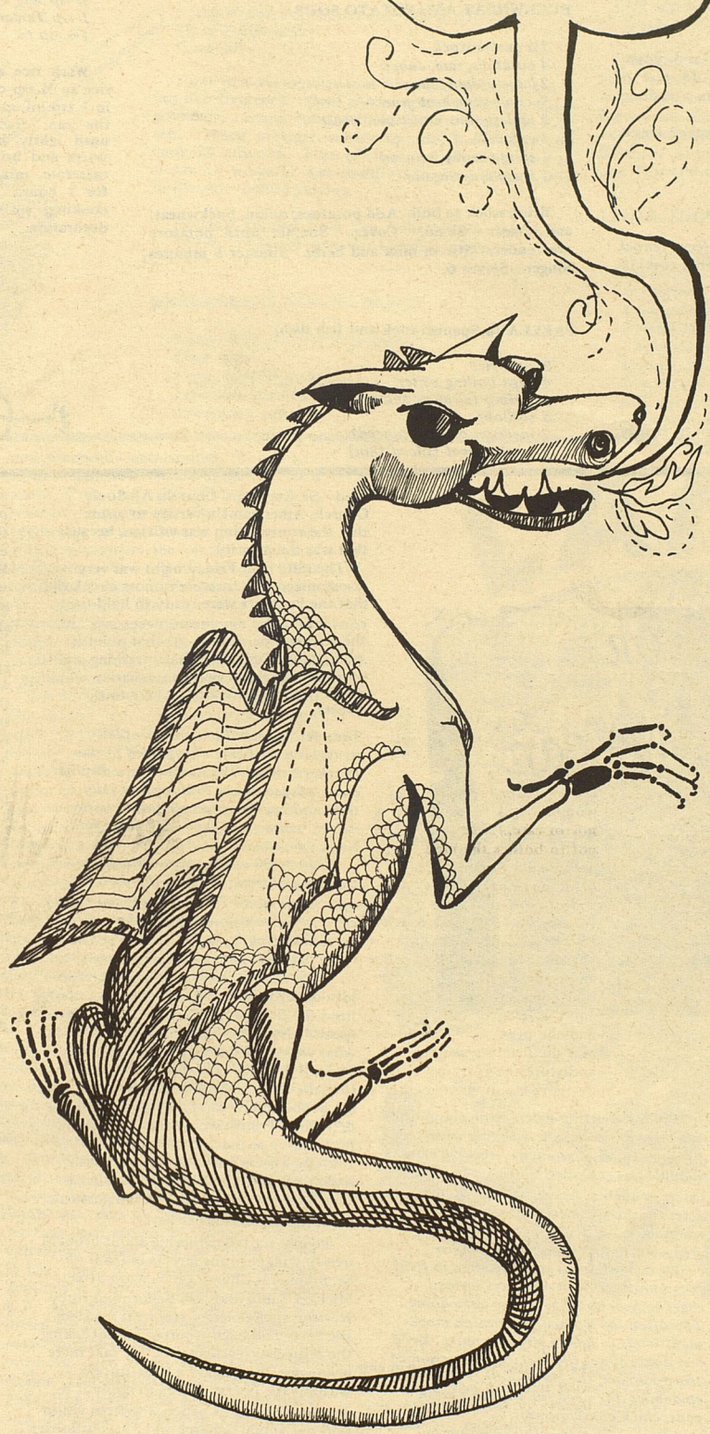
"I saw a lot of positive things; Trinity was a place to calm out and meet sisters and rap. During the weekend I kept meeting far-out people from all over and checking out what was going on in various communities. Things were discouraging but it wasn't all negative at all."

—Woman attending the Convention.



This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

THE DRAGONS ARE WAITING TO FLY!



Revolutionary Greetings:

Boy, it sure seems like it's taken me a long time to get a letter off to you. It really seems weird for me to be writing to you. Probably because I was there most of the time when I had something to say. In with this letter is six dollars for the papers that I brought back with me. They sold really good. Everyone down here really likes them.

I was at the doctors today and he told me that my liver is so fucked up that if I ever got real sick again that there would probably be no more Bruce May. That kind of freaked me out when he told me that.

We had a P.E. class here the second night that I was home. It was really a killer class. It really freaked me out from seeing all of the potential in this little hick town. There was about ten people. Most of them were people who I used to go to school with. We discussed the book Seize the Time and we also talked a little about the conspiracy trial. We talked about that book because that was the only book that all of them had read.

Boy, I really miss everybody up there. I wish I was still there. I got a call from our local Mafia yesterday. They gave me the same old shit as they did up there except I don't have to get out of town, I'm just supposed to keep my mouth shut. Fuckin punks.

I went to court Friday and was found guilty of sales. The possession charge was dropped. I am supposed to appear in court again this Thursday for sentencing. What this means is that I could face a possible 5-20 years in the state penitentiary, or if I'm lucky, probation. My lawyer has already filed for appeal, and we are going to try and get it tried in another county.

(Note: Last Thursday Bruce was sentenced to two years probation; his hair is all cut off, he has to go to school, and he is in the protective custody of his parents. It's like a minimum security prison.)

You wouldn't believe this town. Every time I walk out the door I am being followed because they think that I'm going to split. It's like being in a pressure cooker with the top about ready to blow off. They shaved all of my fucking hair off. Now it is about an inch long in the long parts. I really feel bald.

Oh well, to try and get off that oppressive subject... Be sure to give everyone else my address so that I can hear from you people.

FREE EVERYBODY FROM THEIR CHAINS OF AMERIKA!!

Love and miss you all,
Bruce

Dear Argus Family,

I am in good health and spirits here—lots of good brothers and time to study and fair amount of rock and roll listening. My job is "landscaping", i.e. snow shovelling, which allows me leisure study time. I am on a volleyball team, participate in the Afro-American organization (it's really beautiful and inspiring to be with people who are consciously trying to educate themselves and advance their cultural/political/economic consciousness so they can better s.t.p. upon release), religious discussion groups with radical Jesuits in here for messing with draft files, and attending a free meditation service with a bunch of freeks. I also take typing, though I'm not allowed to type letters. I live in a dorm with about 60 dudes, eat 3 fair meals a day, watch too much TV (at nite, the only place to read and write is in the TV room—which isn't too conducive to concentration, but I'm gaining control and discipline.

The population here is about 600 inmates. There are no armed guards, most inmates have sentences of less than 5 years, so there is not much internal conflict or open opposition to authority. It's similar to the streets—all kinds of people (no women or kids, though). Whenever I have to go the administration building to see the captain or my liasion officer or caseworker, I am reminded of going to City Hall to deal with the city officials.

Let me rap about the old Children's Community School. The school revolved around people. There were three groups essentially: kids, parents, "teachers" (for lack of a better word). When the school was begun, a few of the parents were primary guiders as teachers.

As the school grew in size and age-span of kids, the administrative work (fund-raising, finances, book-keeping, taxes, teacher certification, state board of education approval, student reports, curriculum development, supplies ordering, foundation and government grants, board of education campaigns, transportation pool, coordination of student classroom volunteers, running seminars on education, arranging trips, scheduling meetings between staff and parents, etc., etc.) increased and became vital to survival. The educational philosphy became more determined by the staff present in the school daily and responsible for more and more administrative work, though the kids primarily determined the school's atmosphere. We always tried to find ways to involve parents in the school itself, but for most parents (who work) it is hard to be with the kids daily. Parents were involved in the actual educational direction of the school through monthly meetings of all parents and all staff, and through frequent visits to kids' homes, and through monthly summaries and comments on each kid. (These were prepared collectively by the staff, sometimes with the aid of certain parents.)

I don't want to get into our philosophy or teaching style and techniques now. Best read all 4 John Holt's books, 2 by Charles Silberman, Jay Featherstone's articles in the **New Republic** on the English primary schools, A.S. Neill's **Summerhill**, and get hold of a "Study Guide" by Bill Ayers, available from the Radical Education Project (Box 561-A, Detroit 48232.)

More on structure and responsibilities—it may be best to have school only ½ day to begin with. We had approximately one adult for every five kids. The school was divided into usually 2 or 3 "rooms", according to activities, as the doing of those activities was best accomplished in a "noisy" or a "quiet" atmosphere. We had a kitchen (noisy), backyard (noisy and running and throwing ing and fire and bikes), math-reading-writing-puzzles-movies-clay-crayons-crafts-room (fairly quiet), painting-doll house-cardboard fortress-woodworking-block building-wrestling (on mattresses)-tricycles-singing-record playing-instruments-plays-motion games room (usually noisy), and the whole city of Ann Arbor (parks, U.M. museums, YMCA for swimming, restaurants, people's houses, streets, businesses, yost fieldhouse, farms, carrides, airport, etc.)

The administrative responsibilities I mentioned have to be pursued fervently with as much parent participation as possible. The actual daily school staff has to be able to work and create together—this will develop organically, but the people must engage in study, criticism, self-criticism and collective love for their work, the kids and themselves. We found that different people were naturally closer to certain kids (the kids often determine those relationships) and it therefore organically led to one sort of grouping and definition of each staff member's responsibility. Another responsibility definition had to do with curriculum or subject expertise, i.e. individual staff were responsible for various activities and learning areas or skills. This would mean that they might study and prepare techniques to teach reading, or math skills, or cooking, or mechanics and science or art, or music. Many times this is where parents or assistants from U.M. came in with special talents, and the kids could expect them on certain days and knew what to plan for.

Other school responsibilities had to do with respect and tolerance. We found that things went better if there were always male and female adults present. Assistants had to be given some training and much constructive criticism. At times, we did poorly by the kids in not dismissing certain assistants who were working out their own hang-ups at the expense of the kids' growth. (We were all guilty of this, but it should always beget the attention of the staff collective and healthy growth of all.)

Well, I have to close. More later. I love and miss you all. Take care. Stay high with the spirit of the people! Turn hatred into energy! The dragons are waiting to fly!

Venceremos,
Skip

Brothers and Sisters,

I thank you for your offer, but as you see, I am sending the $5. With the fantastic pay I receive I feel that I can splurge on this luxury. I hope that this meager sum helps the revolution in some small way.

Besides being forced to show fake support for Pig Amerika, the next worse thing about being in the Army is separation from the tools to help overthrow it and build a new nation. There is no way that I can readily put my hands on material to give direction to my brothers' struggle to organize internal dissent within the ranks. Even my Red Book that was given to me by a brother from the Argus has been taken from me. If there is any place or person that I can contact for Third World literature I would be thankful if you could tell me of the whereabouts.

Power to the
People!
Private Stan

This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

open
let's open the world
together
not tear
open gently
and gently
will return your love

world's been closed
and breath's been gone
for ages
let's breathe
together
breathing
om
and again revolving
om

my eyes are sadder than yours
they're farther away
open them with your love
with your love

your love is the light of the world

—Kathy—

Historical Document

Every time I think about Today I almost lose my temper. Maybe things were always bad, but I'm alive now-now-then. The Pigs, the Leaders, the Administrators. You know, the ones who don't like to do it, but. . . . .
Well, I won't do it unless I have to, but then I'll like it when I start. And so I'll die, or maybe rot somewhere. A single spark can start a prairie fire, even if the spark dies soon. And maybe life is a frame of mind, a think you talk about but never actually see. I don't know, but then I don't try to act as if I did know. This can't be real life, this fucking alienation and greed, and it's getting worse. Kind words won't affect men who have made greed a habit, a way of life. Only Death will stop *them*, and make no mistake: Death is a respecter of persons. At least, can you think of a more *respectful* think to happen to the Government?

—C&S—

Reincarnation Blues

I couldn't get through to the other side
So back I slide
For the roller-coaster ride.
Here I go again.

(chorus)
Babies cryin',
Lovers lyin',
Soldiers dyin'.
Reincarnation blues.

No use to mourn
All the times I been reborn
And had my heart corrupted and torn
Here I go again.

Run around like a chicken without a head.
Try to keep in the black and out of the red
So I'll have a chance when I'm dead.
Here I go again.

Maybe this time I'll make it through
And join the spirits of the blue
Where all is joy and all is true
Here I go again.

—John Larkin—

BEAT OF THE PEOPLE GOES ON

I like to think of Harriet Tubman.
Harriet Tubman who carried a revolver,
who had a scar on her head from a rock thrown
by a slave-master (because she
talked back), and who
had a ransom on her head
of thousands of dollars and who
was never caught, and who
had no use for the law
when the law was wrong,
who defied the law. I like
to think of her.
I like to think of her especially
when I think of the problem of
feeding children.

The legal answer
to the problem of feeding children
is ten free lunches every month,
being equal, in the child's real life,
to eating lunch every day.
Monday but not Tuesday.
I like to think of the President
eating lunch Mondy, but not
Tuesday.
and when I think of the President
and the law, and the problem of
feeding children, I like to
think of Harriet Tubman
and her revolver.

And then sometimes
I think of the President
and other men,
men who practise the law,
who revere the law,
who enforce the law
who live behind
and operate through
and feed themselves
at the expense of
starving children
because of the law,
men who sit in paneled offices
and think about vacations
and tell women
whose care it is
to feed children
not to be hysterical
not to be hysterical as in the word
hysterikos, the greek for
womb suffering.
not to suffer in their
wombs,
not to care.
not to bother the men
because they want to think
of other things
and do not want
to take the women seriously.
I want them to take women seriously.
I want them to think about Harriet Tubman
and remember,
remember she was beat by a white man
and she lived
and she lived to redress her grievance,
and she lived in swamps
and wore the clothes of a man
bringing hundreds of fugitives from
slavery, and was never caught,
and led an army,
and won a battle,
and defied the laws
because the laws were wrong, I want men
to take us seriously.
I am tired of wanting them to think
about right and wrong.
I want them to fear.
I want them to feel fear now
as I have felt suffering in the womb, and
I want them
to know
that there is always a time
there is always a time to make right
what is wrong,
there is always a time
for retribution
and that time
is beginning

—Susie Griffin—
from "It Ain't Me Babe"

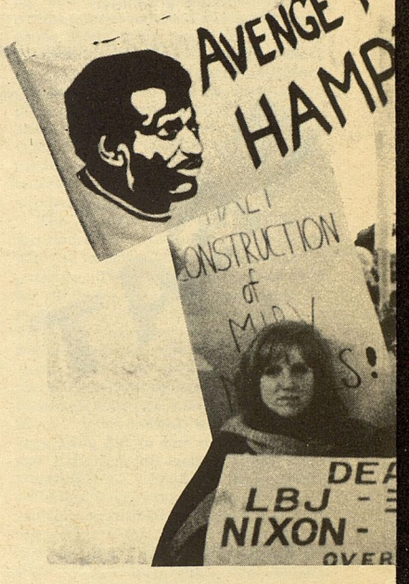
SOJOURNER TRUTH,
"THE LIBYAN SIBYL."

"That man over there say that a woman needs to be helped into carriages, and lifted over ditches, and to have the best place everywhere. Nobody ever helped me into carriages, or over mud puddles, or gives me a best place...
And ain't I a women? Look at me. Look at my arm! I have plowed and planted and gathered into barns, and no man could head me...
And ain't I a women? I could work, as much and eat as much as a man when I could get it, and bear the lash as well...
And ain't I a woman? I have borned thirteen children and seen them most all sold off into slavery. And when I cried out with a mother's grief, none but Jesus heard...
And ain't I a woman?"

Sojurner Truth: Speech before the Woman's Rights Convention at Akron, Ohio in 1851.

This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

A NE MO



(changing

December 6, 1970

This communication does not accompany a bombing or a specific action. We want to express ourselves to the mass movement not as military leaders but as tribes at council. It has been nine months since the townhouse explosion. In that time, the future of our revolution has been changed decisively. A growing illegal organization of young women and men can live and fight and love inside Babylon. The FBI can't catch us; we've pierced their bullet-proof shield. But the townhouse forever destroyed our belief that armed struggle is the only real revolutionary struggle.

This is a communication for our friends. We've sent it to those in the underground media we feel closest to.

There have been several statements that have appeared recently, claiming to be from the Weather underground. The article that appeared in Chicago claiming to have been from someone involved in the second bombing of the Haymarket pig statue is not accurate or from anyone we can identify. Likewise, the statement that appeared in Berkeley last Thursday, signed Bernadine, did not come from us.

At one time we thought that it didn't matter if people sent out false communiques, as that would confuse the enemy. But now it seems that this is not a good tactic. It undercuts our ability to be clear about who we are and what we are doing: it makes it more difficult to struggle with people with whom we may have differences. We may be able to help others avoid mistakes we have made. So we will probably indicate if a statement is false and we'll try to be clear about authenticating ours.

It is time for the movement to go out into the air, to organize, to risk calling rallies and demonstrations, to convince that mass actions against the war and in support of rebellions do make a difference. Only acting openly, denouncing Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell, and sharing our numbers and wisdom together with young sisters and brothers will blow away the fear of the students at Kent State, the smack of the Lower East Side and the national silence after the bombings of North Vietnam.

The deaths of three friends ended our military conception of what we are doing. It took us weeks of careful talking to rediscover our roots, to remember that we had been turned-on to the possibilities of revolution by denying the schools, the jobs, the death relationships we were "educated" for. We went back to how we had begun living with groups of friends and found that this revolution could leave intact the enslavement of women if women did not fight to the end and change it, together. And marijuana and LSD and little money and awakening to the Black revolution, the people of the world. Unprogramming ourselves; relearning Amerikan history. The first demonstration we joined; the first time we tried to convince our friends. In the wake of the townhouse we found that we didn't know much about each others' pasts—our talents, our interests, our differences.

We had all come together around the militancy of young white people determined to reject racism and U.S. exploitation of the third world. Because we agreed that an underground must be built, we were able to disappear an entire organization within hours of the explosion. But it was clear that more had been wrong with our direction than technical inexperience (always install a safety switch so you can turn it off and on and a light to indicate if a short circuit exists.)

Diana, Teddy and Terry had been in SDS for years. Diana and Teddy had been teachers and both spent weeks with the Vietnamese in Cleveland and at Kent; Diana had worked in Guatamala. They fought in the Days of Rage in Chicago. Everyone was angered by the murder of Fred Hampton. Because their collective began to define armed struggle as the only legitimate form of revolutionary action, they did not believe that there was any revolutionary motion among white youth. It seemed like black and third world people were going up against Amerikan imperialism alone.

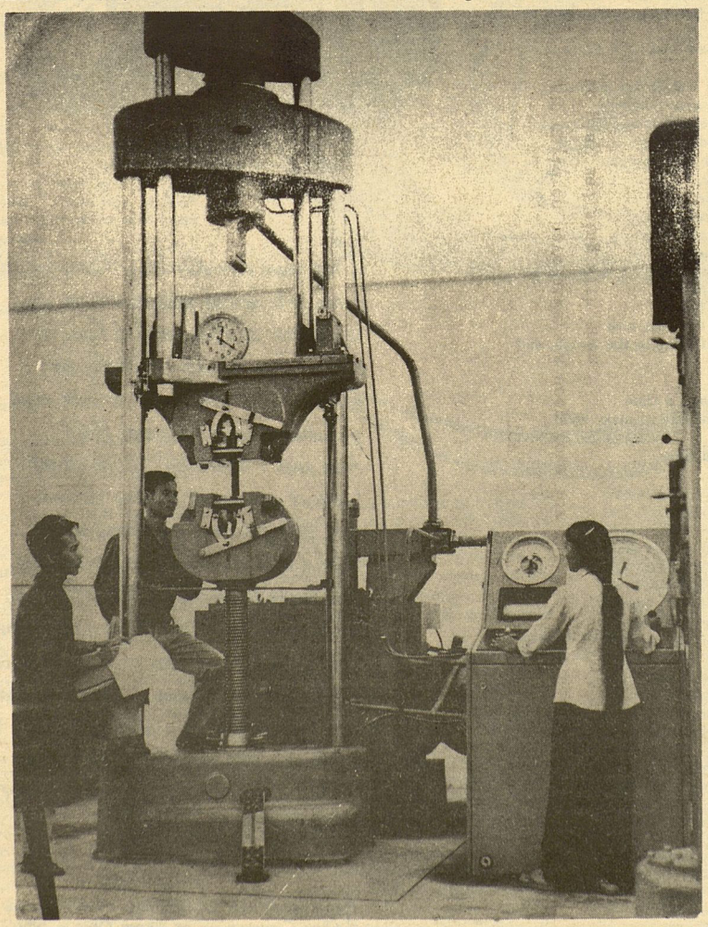
Two weeks before the townhouse explosion, four members of this group had firebombed Judge Murtagh's house in New York as an action of support for the Panther 21, whose trial was just beginning. To many people, this was a very good action. Within the group, however, the feeling developed that because this action had not done anything to hurt the pigs materially it wasn't very important. So within two weeks time, this group had moved from firebombing to anti-personnel bombs. Many people in the collective did not want to be involved in the large-scale, almost random bombing offensive that was planned. But they struggled day and night and eventually, everyone agreed to do their part.

At the end, they believed and acted as if only those who die are proven revolutionaries. Many people had been argued into doing something they did not believe in, many had not slept for days. Personal relationships were full of guilt and fear. The group had spent so much time willing themselves to act that they had not dealt with the basic technological considerations of safety. They had not considered the future: either what to do with the bombs if it had not been possible to reach their targets, or what to do in the following days.

This tendency to consider only bombings or picking up the gun as revolutionary, with the glorification of the heavier the better, we've called the military error.

After the explosion, we called off all armed actions until such time as we felt the causes had been understood and acted upon. We found that the alternative direction already existed among us and had been developed within other collectives. We became aware that a group of outlaws who are isolated from the youth communities do not have a sense of what is going on, cannot develop strategies that grow to include large numbers of people, have become "us", and "them".

It was a question of revolutionary culture. Either you saw the youth culture that has been developing as bourgeois or decadent and therefore to be treated as the enemy of the revolution, or you saw it as the forces which produced us, a culture that we were a part of, a young and unformed society (nation).



In the past months we have had our minds blown by the possibilities that exist for all of us to develop the movement so that as revolutionaries we change and shape the cultural revolution. We are in a position to change it for the better. Men who are chauvinists can change and become revolutionaries who no longer embrace any part of the culture that stands in the way of freedom of women. Hippies and students who fear black power should check out Rap Brown's **Die Nigger Die** and George Jackson's writings. We can continue to liberate and subvert attempts to rip off the culture. People become revolutionaries in the schools, in the army, in prisons, in communes and on the streets. Not in an underground cell.

Because we are fugitives, we could not go near the Movement. That proved to be a blessing because we've been everywhere else. We meet as many people as we can with our new identities; we've watched the TV news of our bombings with neighbors and friends who don't know that we're Weatherpeople. We are often afraid but we take our fear for granted now, not trying to act tough. What we once thought would have to be some zombie-type discipline has turned out to be a yoga of alertness, a heightened awareness of activities and vibrations around us—almost a new set of eyes and ears.

Even though we have not communicated about ourselves specifically before this, our actions have said much about where our heads are at. We have obviously not gone in for large-scale material damage. Most of our actions have hurt the enemy on about the same military scale as a bee sting. But the political effect against the enemy has been devastating. The world knows that even the white youth of Babylon will resort to force to bring down imperialism.

The attacks on the Marin County Court House and the Long Island City Jail were because we believe that the resistance and political leadership that is growing within the prisons demands immediate and mass

This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

EW RNING

weather)

support from young people. For all the George Jacksons, Afeni Shakurs and potential revolutionaries in these jails, the movement is the lifeline. They rebelled expecting massive support from outside.

Demonstrations in support of prison revolts are a major responsibility of the movement, but someone must call for them, put out the leaflets, convince people that it is a priority. We are so used to feeling powerless that we believe pig propaganda about the death of the movement, or some bad politics about rallies being obsolete and bullshit. A year ago, when Bobby Seale was ripped off in Chicago and the movement didn't respond, it made it easier for the pigs to murder Fred Hampton. Now two Puerto Ricans have been killed by the pigs in the New York jails, in retaliation for the prisoner rebellion. What we do or don't do makes a difference.

It will require courage and close families of people to do this organizing. Twos and threes is not a good form for anything—it won't put out a newspaper, organize a conference on the war, or do an armed action without getting caught. Our power is that together we are mobile, decentralized, flexible and we come into every home where there are children who catch the music of freedom and life.

The women and men in jails are POWs held by the United States. When an Amerikan pilot is shot down while bombing a North Vietnamese village, he is often surrounded by thousands of people who have just seen their family and homes destroyed by the bombs he was delivering. Yet the man is not attacked and killed by the Vietnamese but is cared for as a prisoner. Nixon is now waging a last ditch moral crusade around the treatment of these Amerikan war criminals to justify all his impending atrocities.

The demonstrations and strikes following the rape of Indochina and the murders at Jackson and Kent last May showed real power and made a strong difference. New people were reached and involved and the government was put on the defensive. This month the bombings could have touched off actions expressing our fury at double-talking Laird and his crew—war research and school administrators and travelling politicians are within reach of our leaflets, our rallies, our rocks. Women's lib groups can find in Nguyen Thi Binh a sister for whom there is love and support here. Her proposals for peace must be explained and Bloody Dick's plans to use more bombers to replace the GIs who are refusing to fight exposed as the escalation and genocide it is. Vietnamization Indianization limited duration protective reaction suppresive fire horseshit. It seems that we sometimes forget that in Vietnam strong liberated women and men live and fight. Not as abstract guerilla fighters, slugging it out with U.S. imperialism in Southeast Asia, but as people with values and loves and parents and children and hopes for the future.

People like Thai, a fighter in the Peoples Liberation Armed Forces who was in Hue during Tet and at Hamburger Hill a year later, or Than Tra, an organizer in the mass women's organization and the students' movement in the cities, who had not seen her lover in nine years. They travelled for a month to come to Cuba to meet with us, to sing and dance and explain how it is in Vietnam. There is nothing brutal or macho about guns and bombs in their hands. We can't help thinking that if more people knew about them, the anti-war movement would never have allowed Nixon and Agnew to travel to so many cities during the past election with only the freaks at Kansas State and the people of San Jose to make our anger at his racism known to the world.

The hearts of our people are in a good place. Over the past months, freaks and hippies and a lot of people in the movement have begun to dig in for a long winter. Kent and Augusta and Jackson brought to all of us a coming of age, a seriousness about how hard it will be to fight in Amerika and how long it will take us to win. We are all beginning to figure out what the Cubans meant when they told us about the need for new men and new women.

People have been experimenting with everything about their lives, fierce against the ways of the white man. They have learned how to survive together in the poisoned cities and how to live on the road and the land. They've moved to the country and found new ways to bring wild free children. People have purified themselves with organic food, fought for sexual liberation, grown long hair. People have reached out to each other and learned that grass and organic consciousness-expanding drugs are weapons of the revolution. Not mandatory for everyone, not a gut-check, but a tool – a Yacqui way of knowledge. But while we sing of drugs the enemy knows how great a threat our youth culture is to their rule, and they employ their allies—the killer drugs smack and speed to pacify and destroy young people. No revolution can succeed without the youth, and we face that possibility if we don't meet this threat.

People are forming new families. Collectives have sprung up from Seattle to Atlanta, Buffalo to Vermont, and they are units of people to trust each other both to live together and to organize and fight together. The revolution involves our whole lives; we aren't part-time soldiers or secret revolutionaries. It is our closeness and the integration of our personal lives with our revolutionary work that will make it hard for undercover pigs to infiltrate our collectives. It's one thing for pigs to go to a few meetings, even meetings of a secret cell. It's much harder for them to live in a family for long without being detected.

One of the most important things that has changed since people began working in collectives is the idea of what leadership is. People—especially groups of sisters—don't want to follow academic ideologues or authoritarians. From Fidel's speeches and Ho's poems we've understood how leaders grow out of being deeply in touch with movements. From Crazy Horse and other great Indian chiefs we've learned that the people who respect their tribe and its needs are followed freely and with love. The Lakotas laughed at the whites' appointing one man to be chief of all the Lakota tribes, as if people wouldn't still go with whichever leader they thought was doing the right thing!

Many of these changes have been pushed forward by women both in collectives with men and in all womens' collectives. The enormous energy of sisters working together has not only transformed the movement internally, but when it moves out it is a movement that confuses and terrifies Amerika. When asked about the sincerity of Mme. Binh's proposals Ky says, "Never trust a woman in politics". The pigs refuse to believe that women can write a statement or build a sophisticated explosive device or fight in the streets. But while we have seen the potential strength of thousands of women marching, it is now up to revolutionary women to take the lead to call militant demonstrations, to organize young women, to carry the Viet Cong flag, to make it hard to Nixon and Ky to travel around the country ranting about POWs the same day that hundreds of women are being tortured in the prisons of South Vietnam.

It's up to us to tell women in Amerika about Mme. Binh in Paris; about Pham Thi Quyen, fighter in the Saigon underground and wife of Nguyen Van Troi; about Mme. Nguyen Thi Dinh, leader of the first South Vietnamese Peoples Liberation Armed Forces unti uprising in Ben Tre in 1961; about Celia Sanchez and Heidi Santamaria who fought at Moncada and in the Havana underground; about Bernadette Devlin and Leila Khaled and Lolita Lebrun; and about Joan Bird and Afeni Shakur, and Mary Moyland here.

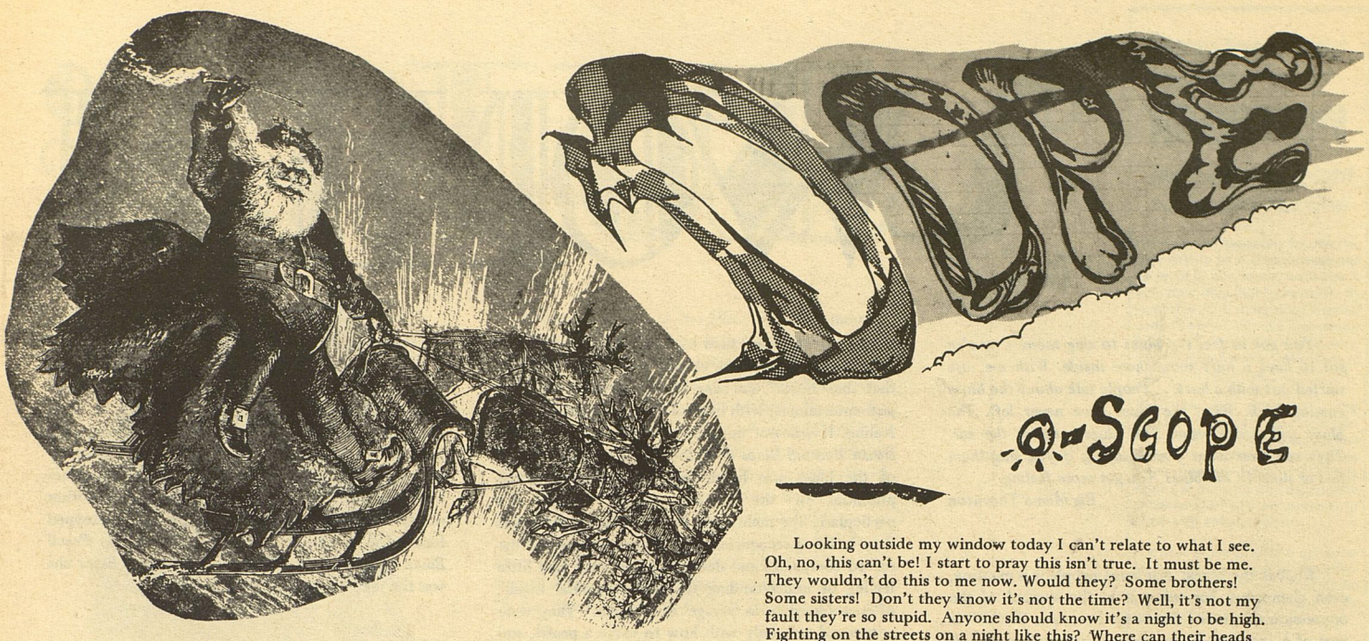
We can't wait to organize people until we get ourselves together any more than we can act without being together. They must go on at the same time. None of these changes that people are going through are rules and principles. We are in many different regions of the country and are building different kinds of leaders and organizations. It's not coming together into one organization, or paper structure of factions or coalitions. It's a New Nation that will grow out of the struggles of the next year.

WEATHER UNDERGROUND

This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

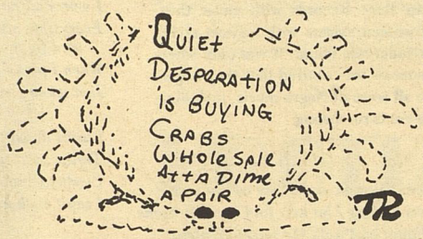
THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS
COPYRIGHT © 1970 BY GILBERT SHELTON
WHEW! I'M REALLY STONED! I THINK I'LL GO FOR A WALK IN THE DARK DARK NIGHT!
TRY LSD AND SEE
GIVE US ALL YOUR MONEY!
A NUMBER OF THOUGHTS IMMEDIATELY PASS THROUGH PHINEAS'S RUINED BRAIN...
ALL MY MONEY? ALL MY MONEY? LET'S SEE... I HAVE MAYBE A DOLLAR'S WORTH OF CHANGE IN MY PANTS POCKET...
...AND A DOLLAR BILL UP IN MY VEST POCKET...
IS THAT ALL?
OH, NO! THERE'S A WHOLE BUNCH OF CHANGE AND BILLS ON TOP OF MY DRESSER! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THESE GUYS HOME WITH ME!
...AND THEN, OF COURSE, I'D HAVE TO GIVE THEM THE $17 HIDDEN IN THE SUGAR BOWL ON THE BOOKSHELF!
SUGAR
...AND MY CHECKBOOK! I'D HAVE TO WRITE THEM A CHECK FOR THE BALANCE IN MY CHECKING ACCOUNT.
BUT I'VE GOT MONEY IN MY SAVINGS ACCOUNT, TOO!
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEM DOWN TO THE BANK WITH ME IN ORDER TO WITHDRAW THAT.
OF COURSE, WE'D HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WHEN THE BANK OPENS!
IT'S JUST TOO COMPLICATED.
HEY, WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY!
ALL YOUR MONEY!
SORRY, BUT I CAN'T DO IT!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS GUY IS FUCKED UP ON, BUT I THINK WE BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE!
HEY, DON'T YOU EVEN WANT WHAT I GOT IN MY POCKETS?
THANK YOU BUD SHRAKE NEW YORK, NY
FAT FREDDY'S CAT
COPYRIGHT © 1970 BY GILBERT SHELTON
BROTHERS AND SISTERS, WE ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY BY THE SIDE OF THE MIGHTY WATERS...
...SO THAT WE MAY MAKE OUR SOULS STRONG AND POWERFUL TO GO FORTH AND MEET THE WICKED AND EVIL ENEMY.
...WE BAPTIZE OURSELVES IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY ROACH!!!
AMEN!
WHAT'RE ALL THESE DROWNED ROACHES DOING IN MY WATER BOWL?

This content downloaded from 152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms



Looking outside my window today I can't relate to what I see. Oh, no, this can't be! I start to pray this isn't true. It must be me. They wouldn't do this to me now. Would they? Some brothers! Some sisters! Don't they know it's not the time? Well, it's not my fault they're so stupid. Anyone should know it's a night to be high. Fighting on the streets on a night like this? Where can their heads be at? Too bizarre for me. The can't expect me to cope with such nonsense. Oh no! No way. I'm tripping. I could never get my shits together anyway. Whoa! What are the pigs doing? Hey! Don't come up here! ——— What did they have to kill him on my front porch for? Punks! Can't even stay in the streets! Go away fuckers! I'll help tomorrow maybe. Wait, I can't do that either, there's a party tomorrow! God! What fools! Why don't they wait till wait till things are really bad. People should just get high. It's much better for your head! Revolution tonight? What horseshit! Fuck it! I'm not going to ruin my trip. Guess I'll put on a few jams . . . .

A² DOPE-O-SCOPE



Alcapulco Gold
$180—200 a pound
$20 an ounce
$15 a lid

Grade A Mexican Weed— Really clean.
$150 a pound
$15 an ounce
$12.50 a lid

Grade B Mexican Weed— not too clean.
1½-1¾ pound bricks— $180-200
$12-15 a lid
They come in different color-wrappered bricks.
(Yellow, red, green.)

Hashish

Primo, Afghanistan, Dark red and
Red Lebanese, Blonde Pakistan— ordered according to potency.

LSD
Small Green flats— $50-65 a hundred.
$1.00 singles.

Orange Sunshine— $50-65 a hundred.
$1.00 singles.

Psilocybin (organic), very good trip— $5.00 a cap

Peyote buttons— $1.00 a button (takes 4-8 for a good trip.)

Psilocybin— $50.00-60 a hundred.
$1.00 a hit.

There is a lot of poor opium, hash, weed, and psychedelics in town. You should try these sacraments and chemicals before you buy them.

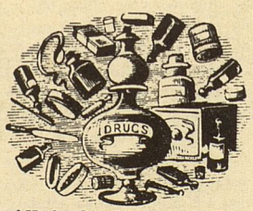
CHICAGO DOPE-O-SCOPE

Panama Red— Clean pound bricks— $165.00-200.00.

Alcapulco Gold (Mexico's finest)— lids and nickels, only $20.00 a lid.

Cuban Green— very dirty, pounds $150.00.

Powdered Red Hash— very potent, only in ¼ oounces for $30.00



Dark Red Hash— $90.00 per ounce (has some sort of gold government stamp).

The "One"
Hashish oil— comes in plastic bottle with cork.
$135.00 per bottle.

LSD— $.65-2.50 a hit.
Green microdot.
Clinical Sugar Cube.
White lightning.
Purple tabs.
Grey thunder.
Red blotters.
Red microdots.

Others—
Orange Psilocybin
Organic Mushroom in large caps, light yellow
Peyote buttons— need 3-4 to trip, $1.00 per button.

Gosh. I've never gotten a telegram before...
Could you sing it to me, please?
Well, sir... I...
C'mon! Please sing it!
Well... Okay.
Gladys & the kids are dead. Stop.

This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

WOMEN

You got to feel the blues to sing them – you've got to have a hurt somewhere inside. With me, life started out with a hurt. . . People talk about the blues coming back. Why, the blues have never left. The blues will never leave. The blues satisfies the ear. They can hear what you're saying if you sing them fast or slow. In the blues, you get more feeling.

Big Mama Thornton

What is the blues? For some people it is exciting, even glamorous, for other it is the symbol of the oppression of a racial minority. For some Blacks it is part of a proud tradition while for others it is the last brand of the plantation, and humiliating. There are some who view the blues as a music of protest and some who consider it a music of self-pity; there are those who consider it important primarily as an influence on jazz, and those who use it to inspire their own music making.

Seen from any point of view, blues is both a state of mind and a music which gives voice to it. Blues is the wail of the forsaken, the cry of independence, the passion of the lusty, the anger of the frustrated and the laughter of the fatalist. It is the agony of indecision, the despair of the jobless, the anguish of the bereaved and the dry wit of the cynic. The blues is the personal emotion of the individual finding through music a vehicle for self-expression. But it is also a social music; the blues can be entertainment, it can be the music for dancing and drinking by, the music of a class within a segregated group. So the blues can be the creation of artists within a folk community, whether it's in the deep, rural South or in the congested ghettoes of the industrial cities.

And the story of the blues is the story of humble, obscure, unassuming men and women, and it is the story of some whose names became household words – in Negro households, that is.

"Who first thought of getting Race records for the Race? Okeh, that's right. Genuine Race artists make genuine Blues for Okeh. . . It's a cheerful day, folks for everybody," bragged the General Phonograph Corporation when it published the *Blue Book of Blues* to introduce the singers on the Okeh label. They had been afraid to record and advertise Negro records, so they listed them as "Race Records", and that's how they were known.

WOMEN 1ST

The Negro artist who broke through the color line was a woman, Mamie Smith. Her success with *Crazy Blues* highlighted the lucrative market that already existed for Negro music, and other companies were quick to record their own Negro artists. None of them departed from the already established principle that the "Blues" was sung by women vaudeville and jazz entertainers, with little of the 'down-home' blues feeling. It was not until Bessie Smith's recording of *Down Hearted Blues* in 1923 that the authentic voice of the blues was heard on record. However, the potential of the southern, rural singers, and particularly the male blues guitarists and pianists was slow in being recognized. The Whites who owned the record companies and developed the music had little feeling or understanding for this unfamiliar music, often referred to as 'savage' or 'heathen'. They were concerned primarily with how to make a profit, and so they broke into Race Records with music they knew themselves: women singers with a sweet style, singing in a jazz or vaudeville idiom. It was only when their commercial success was assured that they began to branch out into all areas of Negro music, including the most raw, grass-roots rural song.

. . . I've got a different system and a way of my own,
When my man starts kicking I let him find another home.
I get full of good liquor and walk the street all night,
Go home and put my man out if he don't treat me right,
Wild women don't worry, wild women don't have the blues.

You never get nothing by being an angel child,
You better change your ways and get real wild.
I want to tell you something I wouldn't tell you no lie, Wild women are the only kind that really get by,
'Cause wild women don't worry, wild women don't have the blues.

Ida Cox
"Wild Women Blues"

LOVE

Love dominates the blues, but in the blues it is the pain rather than the promise of love that is repeated over and over again. And it is not the superficial sentimentality of the 'love' that dominates American popular song; it is not adolescent emotion, a half-awakened sexuality expressed in terms of 'hearts and flowers', where the kiss becomes the physical expression of love. The Blues reflects adult love, with honesty and simplicity; if there is sometimes a lack of emotional subtlety there is in the blues the expression of a love that is mature and intensely felt. In the blues there is an acceptance of the reality of love, both physical and emotional.

My man, my man, leaves me so low down,
My man, my man, leaves me so low down,
Everything I do; seems like to me is wrong.

I love my man, but he loves somebody else,
I love my man, but he loves somebody else,
I think I'm a damn fool to keep on worrying myself.

If you've ever lay down thinkin' about your man at night,
If you've ever lay down thinkin' about your man at night,
And he will get you twistin' and turnin' and you couldn't lay just right.

My baby came to me with the tears rolling down his face,
My baby came to me with the tears rolling down his face,
Babe, I'm sorry for you, but some other woman has taken your place.

Alice Moore
"My Man Blues"

One of the great women blues singers was Gertrude 'Ma' Rainey, a travelling artist who heard her first blues song in Missouri in 1902, and thereafter used blues numbers in her act. In later years the blues came to dominate all her work; even her most boisterous songs had a melancholy underlying them and her low-down, meaningful blues were without rival on the tent shows. 'The Mother of the Blues', they called her, and as she stepped forward to the footlights and soared into *Bo-Weavil Blues* or moaning her *Yonder Comes the Blues* she was the maternal archetype of the blues.

I worry all day, I worry all night,
Everytime my man comes home he wants to fuss and fight,
When I pick up the paper to try to read the news,
Just when I'm satisfied, yonder comes the blues.

I went down to the river each and every day,
Trying to keep from throwing myself away.
I walked and I walked 'til I wore out my shoes,
I can't walk no further, yonder comes the blues. . .

People have the different blues and think they're mighty sad,
But blues about a man the worst I ever had.
I been disgusted and all confused,
Every time I look around, yonder comes the blues

Ma Rainey
"Yonder Comes the Blues"

Gertrude "Ma" Rainey

Ma Rainey's only rival was Bessie Smith, whose greatness seemed to lie in the complexity of her own personality. She was rough and brawling, addicted to gin, capable of startling gestures of generosity and also of jealousy, hurt and hurtful in turns. From her tortured being she produced a music which has been a measure of jazz expression and she remains now, as she was in her day, the 'Empress of the Blues'.

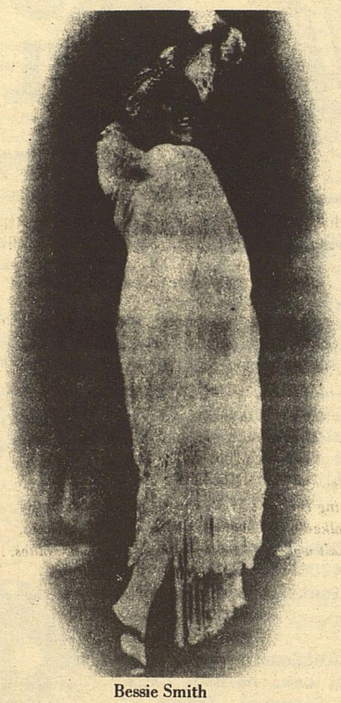
I'm a young woman and ain't done runnin' roun'
I'm a young woman and ain't done runnin' roun'
Some people calls me a hobo, some calls me a bum,
Nobody knows my name, nobody know what I've done.

I'm as good as anyone in your town,
I ain't no high yeller, I'm a deep yeller-brown
I ain't gonna marry, ain't gonna settle down,
I'm gonna drink good moonshine an' run these browns down. . .

This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

OF THE BLUES

CAROL PHILLIPS
PAT HOFFER



Bessie Smith

For most of her career, Bessie Smith worked in the professional theatre, at first highly successfully. With the Depression and the decline of the recording industry generally, her career slowly waned. Racism killed her: involved in a car accident in 1937, she bled to death on the way to a second, Negro hospital, after the first hospital refused admittance because she was black.

Until the women of the blues sang their message of love and despair, there were only two areas of respectable employment for black women in America – domestic work and the church. Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith not only created the classic blues, but a whole new concept of what a black woman could do and be. They created an opening in a smothering, all-inclusive blanket of bigotry. No one has suffered more on this continent than the black women, whose only hope was the hope of attaining heaven.

Sorry I do washing just to make my livelihood,
Sorry I do washing just to make my livelihood.
Oh the washwoman's life it ain't a bit of good.

Rather be a scullion, cooking in some white folks yard.
Rather be a scullion, cooking in some white folks yard.
I could eat up plenty, wouldn't have to work so hard.
Bessie Smith

PROTEST

There is little social protest in the blues. There is often a note of anger and frustration; sometimes the poverty and the rootlessness in which the singer has lived is evident in a word or a phrase, but there is little open protest at the social conditions under which a Negro in the United States is forced to live. There is complaint, but protest has been stifled.

One of the few songs which makes a fundamental attack on the American economic system was sung by Bessie Smith who clearly saw the need for radical, socialist change.

Mr. Rich Man, Mr. Rich Man, open up your heart and mind,
Mr. Rich Man, Mr. Rich Man, open up your heart and mind.
Give the poor man a chance, help stop these hard, hard, times.

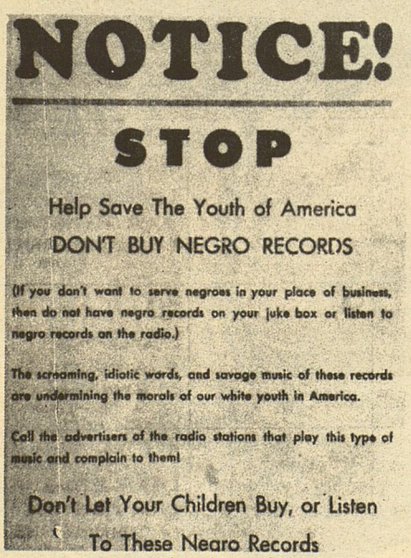
While you living in your mansion you don't know what hard times means.
While you living in your mansion you don't know what hard times means.
Poor working man's wife is starving while your wife is living like a queen.

Please listen to my pleading, cause I can't stand these hard times long.
Oh, listen to my pleading, can't stand these hard times long.
They'll make an honest man to think that you know is wrong.

If all men thought the better a man would start again today.
He would do anything you ask him in the name of the U.S.A.

When the war is over all men must live the same as you.
And the war is over all men must live the same as you.
If it wasn't for the poor man, Mr. Rich Man, what would you do?

Rhythm & Blues and Rock and Roll did not supercede the blues. The Rolling Stones, Janis Joplin, Aretha Franklin all are indebted to the Blues. "The blues never left," like Big Mama Thornoton says: the blues are the basis for everything that is significant in popular music today, and no one can play that music like the people who originated it.


NOTICE!
STOP
Help Save The Youth of America
DONT BUY NEGRO RECORDS
(If you don't want to serve negroes in your place of business, then do not have negro records on your juke box or listen to negro records on the radio.)
The screaming, idiotic words, and savage music of these records are undermining the morals of our white youth in America.
Call the advertisers of the radio stations that play this type of music and complain to them!
Don't Let Your Children Buy, or Listen
To These Negro Records

Segregationalists are alarmed at popularity of the blues

READINGS

Blues

Charters, Samuel. *The Country Blues.* New York: Rinehart, 1959.
Charters, Samuel. *The Poetry of the Blues.* New York: Oak Publications, 1963.
Larkin, Rochelle. *Soul Music!* New York: Lancer, 1970.
Oliver, Paul. *The Story of the Blues.* London: Barrie & Rockcliff, The Cresset Presset, 1969.

Women's Liberation

PAMPHLETS

Our Generation: "Women's Liberation Kit" – nine basic articles. $2.25. Write 3934 Rue St-Urbain, Montreal 131.
Hogtown Press: Variety of articles. Write for literature list to 11 Olive Ave., Toronto.

PERIODICALS

It Ain's Me Babe c/o WL Office, 2398 Bancroft Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94704.
Everywoman 6516 W. 83rd St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90045.
Notes from the Second Year $1.50, The Feminists, Box AA, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y. 10011.
Off Our Backs 2318 Ashmead Place NW (bsmt), Washington, De.C. 20009.
Rat 241 E. 14th St., Manhattan, N.Y. 10003.
Socialist Woman 21 Watcombe Circus, Carrington, Nottingham, England.
Up From Under 339 Lafayette St., N.Y. 10012.
Women: A Journal of Liberation 3028 Greenmount Ave., Baltimore, Maryland 21218.

If you know a girl considering an

ABORTION

this message might even save her life!

It is no longer necessary for unfortunate girls to be ruthlessly exploited for profit by quacks and inept butchers. Now they can have perfectly **legal** abortions under strict hospital care. The new California Therapeutic Abortion Act provides that all services be performed by physicians in accredited hospitals.

Last year it is estimated some 700,000 illegal abortions were performed in the United States. Almost without exception exorbitant prices were charged, hospital facilities were **not** available and a complete medical staff was **not** present to cope with emergencies.

Some of those girls died unnecessarily. Others suffered severe infections. Still others will never again be able to bear a child due to incompetent treatment.

The National Abortion Council for Therapeutic Abortions and Family Planning wants to make sure that all girls receive humane and sanitary treatment. **YOU CAN HELP.**

If you know of a pregnant girl who is considering sneaking off to have her abortion in a germ-infected apartment or office tell her to call us. Our counseling service is free.

We recommend only:
the most reputable physicians; doctors offering fair and reasonable prices; services which will be completely within the law; services performed at accredited hospitals.

PHYSICIANS WITH A GENUINE AND HUMANE INTEREST

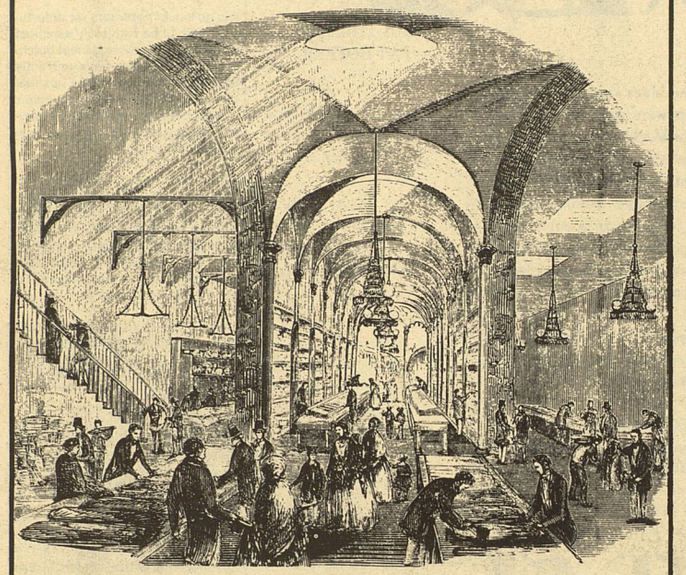
Phone: (213)
464-4177

NATIONAL ABORTION COUNCIL
for Therapeutic Abortions and
Family Planning
1717 North Highland Avenue
Hollywood, California 90028

SEIZE THE TIME
before it
seizes
your
ass!

This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

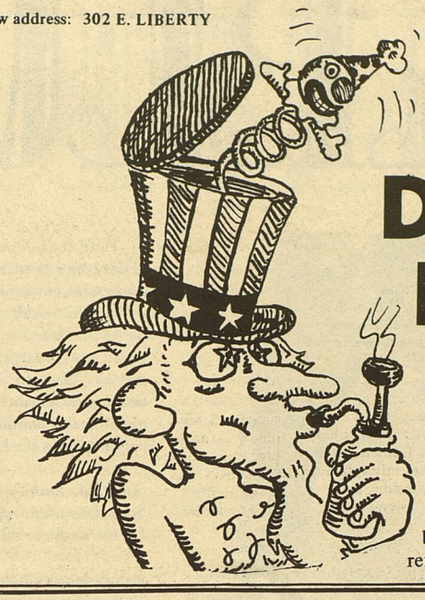
cellar store



DOWN IN THE UNION

IS DIS DA PLACE?

new address: 302 E. LIBERTY



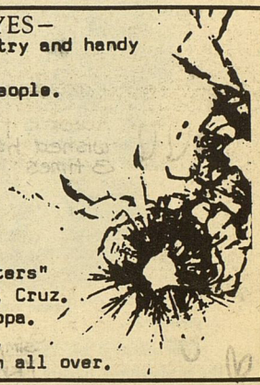
DRUG HELP

761-help

bummers, drug info,
referrals 24 hour service

THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES—
A book of revolutionary poetry and handy street hints & cures.
Poems that will serve the people.
Teargas info. First Aid.
$1/copy.

CONSUMPTION
4208 8th NE
Seattle 98105



Diane di Prima's "Revolutionary Letters" (#1-40). Krech. Sorcic. Lee. Hazard. Cruz. Lourie. Gitlin. Grahn. Giovanni. Onopa. Vargas. Randall. Bordin. levy. Lyle. Tepperman. Hiatt. Alta. & poets from all over.

THERE IS NO EDWARD BEAR

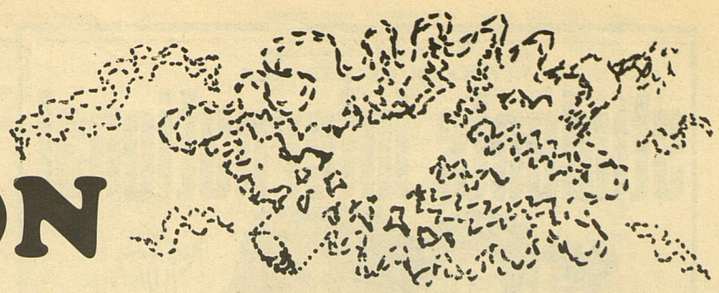
There is no Edward Bear.....except perhaps Winnie the Pooh coming down the stairs
bump
bump
bump!

Larry Evoy, Danny Marks and Paul Weldon are Edward Bear. Edward Bear are now on a new album, "Eclipse," something to brighten your life when all else is darkness. "Eclipse" is imminent.

Capitol

This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

HUMBLE EXPLOSION



LINDEN, N.J. (LNS)—Once its smokestacks poured oceans of rolling black chemical smoke into New Jersey's air, smoke made from the crackling of oil that Standard Oil sucks out of Venequela. Now the Bayway Refinery (how much of its crude oil fuels B-52s over Vietnam and Laos) is a twisted square of shattered metal, charred vehicles, and broken, iced-over pipelines.

The explosion 6 December broke windows as far as 40 miles away. In neighboring Elizabeth so many windows were gone that full-scale looting occupied the police all night long. Linden itself is a small town about ten miles from New York City, tucked inside a polluted inlet behind Staten Island. The night sky turned to day in the whole area as 1000-foot flames engulfed the Humble Oil and Refining Co. plant (Humble is a subsidiary of the Rockefeller-owned Standard Oil of New Jersey, which markets ESSO products.)

Several million dollars of damage was done to the refinery, one of the company's six largest plants. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in damages were done to homes in the area of the blast.

The Linden Bayway plant is the kind of atrocity that inspires sabotage. But it is still a very open question whether the blast, which injured thirty-eight people, was an act of anti-imperialist sabotage, or a dangerous accident for which Standard Oil is responsible.

Linden's Mayor John T. Gregorio says, "We're definitely thinking along the lines that it was sabotage." Local police have so far presented two pieces of "evidence" to that effect—verified reports that a helicopter was flying over the refinery just before the explosion, and an alleged telephone call to police headquarters two hours before.

According to the police, the caller warned in a drawling voice that the refinery was going to go up, and "Burn, baby, burn!" The rhetoric of the supposed call, which was said to have ended "Get it, pig?" sounds like a line from a Grade B Movie. Skeptical reporters asked the chief if his department has recorded similarly on the headquarters' new incoming call recording system. No, he said, we actually haven't taped any other calls. This new system has been in effect for three months.

The helicopter clue doesn't sound much more conclusive. The craft, silver with an orange stripe, was probably an innocent passer-by. It looked "like a cargo helicopter," a witness said. But even if the helicopter did do something to cause the blast, the question of the sabotage being done by radicals is still unanswered. Standard Oil says that doing a job on a refinery requires some very technical knowledge: besides, who on our side has a helicopter?

No acknowledged revolutionary group has taken credit for this instance of "material damage" to imperialism. A New York radio station got a call shortly after the blast from a group that claimed they had blown up the refinery. WINS said the group called itself the United Revolutionary Socialist Front. No one has ever heard of it.

The FBI has already been called into the investigation, presumably on the assumption that sabotage has been done. You can be sure that they'll come up with something or someone; but it probably won't be that the Standard Oil Company had spent $1.49 on a cheap safety valve when they could have bought a better one for $1.98.

HEY FLEETA

Auroras fairies
wished her
3 times

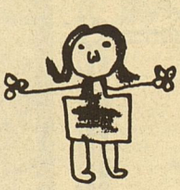
then there
was the
evil one

Her name started with M
like Mephistopholes or
Methusalah
i cant remember

knowing this
simply, little brother
i know
i wish you never know
SIGHT
from fire or distance from
US gypsies but

SPACE and BRIGHT not ships
or size

i wish you never
meet stringy cola
or the beasts of jail but YES
rawmilk sky and clearhead starfish
then
(Jahid sunwarrior learn more
of Sappho)



and soon
may throw your politics in air
(breathe, brother)

and soon
i wish you the "hundred flowers"
i wish you build seasons and see
times and i wish you

RISE UP Morning-Like Fleeta Jahid
be a birch be clear
enough be
humble
choose paths
brother (someone said may he
be strong)
and dance/breathe
FREE
FLEETA

(you and young Kim and young Che and
fierce Erika's will do the country
do the world
again)

There's something evil around here. We wont
let it sleep for another hundred years.

heslie

BIRTH NOVEMBER 20

REVOLUTIONARY GREETINGS

gays meet at rpcc

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS)—For gay people, the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention was the backdrop for the largest gathering of revolutionary homosexuals since the movement began a year and a half ago. A chapel at American University served as headquarters for more than 150 gay men, members of the Gay Liberation Front, Third World Gay Revolution, Street Transvestites Action Revolutionaries and other groups. Many lesbians were also present, some meeting with the gay men, others choosing to meet at the women's center. The majority of gay women stayed and met at Trinity Church, keeping the gay brothers informed of their decisions and actions.

At the gay center, long meetings dedicated to the adoption of a gay platform for the constitution were interrupted for vital discussions of racism and sexism. The 16-point program of Third World Gay Revolution was adopted by the group as the basis of a national gay liberation program.

Aware of the growing confusion and lacking a planned structure for meetings and communication with other groups, the gay people struggled to define their role at the convention and make their demands known. Gay people formed a 15-member delegation under the leadership of Third World people and women which attempted to make contact with the Panther leadership at St. Stephen's Church on Saturday night, and to present the 16-point program to the Panthers. Due to the chaos and the crowd, the delegation never got the chance to present the program.

There was time at the gay center for a long rap about sexual role playing exploring ways in which to identify the straight male supremacist, the dominating, competitive man which society has socialized in every man straight and gay, and discovering ways to off it.

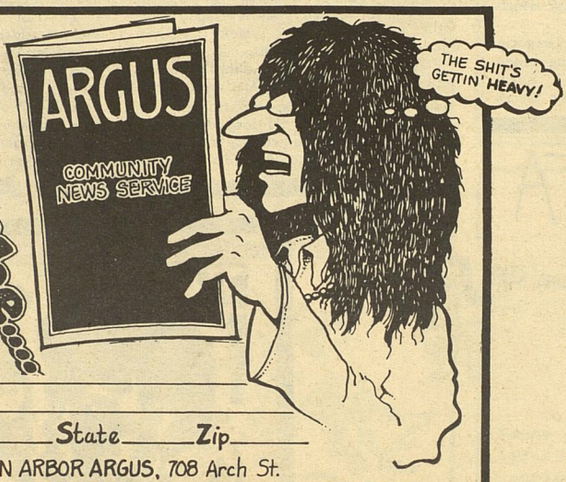
This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

The People's Record Store
ROCK—BLUES—JAZZ—FOLK

students international

330 maynard

Subscribe....
Send $5 for 1 year (26 issues)



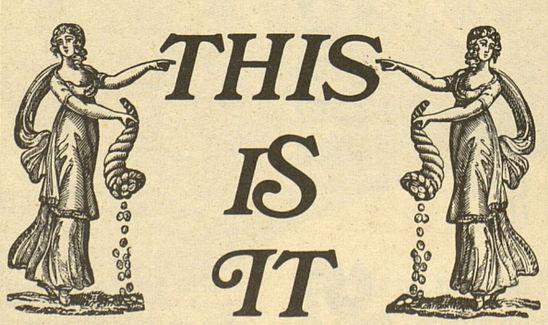
Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Send to: ANN ARBOR ARGUS, 708 Arch St.
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

LITTLE THINGS' QUARTERMASTER IS STOCKED....WITH ARMY-NAVY JACKETS AND ARCTIC PARKAS, PEACE FLAGS, BAND JACKETS AND PONCHOS

HELL BENT FOR Leather

The finest in hand made leather garments
Distinctive men and women's clothing—

boots, belts, leather accessories,
moroccoan goods



THIS IS IT

1317 s.u.

New information packet, now available from the Committee to Defend the Panthers.

CONTENTS

Here and Now for Bobby Seale by Jean Genet

The Story of the Murder of Fred Hampton by John Kifner

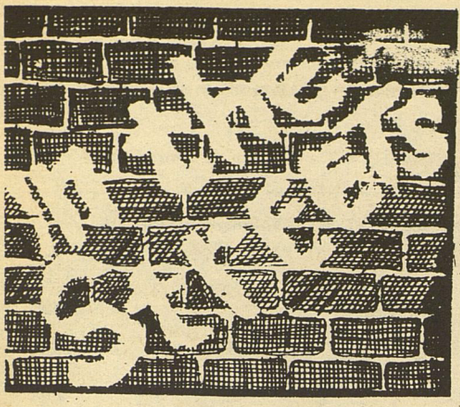
Poster - drawn by Emory Douglas, Minister of Culture, B.P.P.

Police Attack the Panthers
(a report on repression of the Black Panther Party)

Free All Political Prisoners Broadside

To order send $2.00 to:
Committee to Defend the Panthers,
853 Broadway, NY, NY 10003

This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms



The blues festival (the shortened version with all the big names) is here and gone. It had all the killer blues and all the shitty surroundings. Anyone who knows anything about the blues or any other kind of music knows that you can't sit in your own seat and watch the performers, the blues people know it too. Buddy Guy got the same rush as the whole crowd got when he jumped off the stage and got down with the people, playing his ass off. I don't mean to be totally down on the blues festival people, they did get their shit together to bring some good music into ann arbor, but they're tryin to tell us that they lost $25,000 because people crawled under the fence to get in and that's some shit. They lost money because they're tryin to turn the blues into the same shit rock and roll is into now with "big name acts' and business'. Dig that--BUSINESS, that's why they lost money. They tried to present the blues as a product and the people didn't buy it. We couln't buy it. I don't mean that the blues people shouln't get paid, they should get some bread for a change, but not at the expense of the people. They should have thought of ways to keep the expenses down so that the prices would go down and more people could come. It's not impossible. They could have done a thing like goose lake--let people in for free and in exchange, the people with no money could have done jobs like cleaning up, or thing) instead of paying people that already got money (college students) and would have paid to get in cause they dig the music.

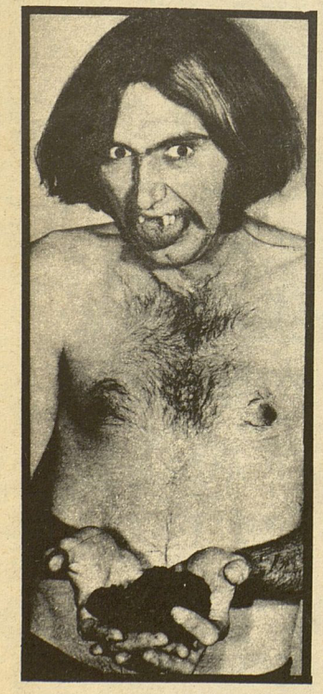
Ther was no reason to spend so much money on a big fucking fence either. The people that sneak in will do it one way or another cause they got to. They also should have gotten a lot more money the movie and record that are being made (shades of Woodstock right?).

Back to the 'blues benefit'. I wish there would've been some cheaper tickets. There was plenty of room so that there could've been some $1.50 or $2.00 tickets. But you know how crazed these dudes are, I was fifty cents short of $3.50 and they just couldn't give me a ticket. "I'm sorry but we've already lost $25,000." Once you got in to the place you had to hassle with the fucking seats. You try to get close to the music and the person down and somebody comes up to you ticket stub in hand, cryin about how he paid for the seat you're sittin in. You'd think you were at an opera house or something.

The music--the Blues, I don't even have to say how great it was. Johnny Winter and Luther Allison really kicked 'em out. Everybody at the concert wanted to get down with the Black blues but Johnny Winters brought it all back home, and every crazy freak dug it. The whole concert was so far out! I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

If the people who make the blues festival possible would talk and exchange ideas with the community and help bring some of the money back into the community--to the people who need it--then it could be even better. Then it would be the best thing that has happened to music since the free concerts.

GROSSIFIEDS



ARGUS CLASSIFIEDS ARE FREE!!! Mail to 708 Arch Street, Ann Arbor.

MAYBE WE can help each other. I have debts, a baby coming, and a talent for making just about anything, including leather, clothes, macrame beads, etc. If you'd like to divert your bread from the commercialized rip-off market, and get more for it, ask for Doris at 761-1576.

NATURAL LIFE STYLES—seasonal quarterly in the whole earth spirit of information exchange and read good news for mobicentric survival—gourmet backpacking—organic dining—communal cooking—internal ecology—diet philosophies—growing —sources—herbal lore—environmental art—crafts—laughing abundance—sun kitchen—free ads for home industry, send us your ideas, tips, experiences, recipes etc. and we will send you 10 copies of the issue which includes your contribution. THE REAL FOOD STORE 53 Amain, New Paltz, New York 12561. 50 cents an issue, $1.50 a year, 10 copies $2.50.

NEED SOMETHING MOVED or hauled, garage cleaning, basement cleaning, tree trimming, etc.? Call Jesse at 483-8710.

FREE BOBBY SEALE t=shirts on sale at the Argus house, as well as latest copies of Quicksilver Times, Berkeley Tribe, Madison Kaleidoscope, Great Speckled Bird from Atlanta and other subversive literature.

CERTIFIED ABORTION REFERRAL. Free information regarding Legal Abortions. Call 24 hours. 212-TR7-8562 or BE3-3300, Mrs. Saul. All inquiries confidential.

THE ARGUS NEEDS campus reporters, layout people, photographers, artists, writers and typists. Talk to Rex at 708 Arch.

FOR SALE: 1964 Mercury comet. $65. Call Mike at AU5-0291.

SOLSTIS SCHOOL needs; bookshelves, books, firewood, art supplies. Bring your contribution to 806 Oakland or call 769-2052 to have it picked up.

STUDENT (WOMAN) NEEDS immediate living situation with males, females, or both, or anyone interested in a communal arrangement. 764-4999.

HELP! I need somebody to take over my UAC charter flight reservation to London this Christmas. Detroit-London-Detroit 12/23 to 1/5, 11 nights and 10 days $175. Got a teaching job, cannot go. Will sell my ticket at a discount. Call Nadine 761-6084 or 761-6058 evenings.

KATHY WHITLOCK—contact Doug about your recorder by writing to 2745 Lindale Ave N.E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa 42502.

YPSILANTI TRIBAL COUNCIL meets 7:00 every Tuesday night in Gallery II McKenney Union.

VENCEREMOS, a junior high/high school underground needs a filing cabinet, old radical periodicals, or any radical literature for a revolutionary library that we're building and a typewriter. Call 665-9234 to have your contribution picked up, or drop it off at 1502 Cambridge.

SUPPORT HIGH SCHOOL RIGHTS. Sign the petition, give your spare change, circulate a petition. Call 764-2301, 971-8813, 769-0123 or 665-9234 for more information.

BUILD THE ANN ARBOR NETWORK! If you or your group has an upcoming event, call the Network with the information so they can put it on the calendar.

I NEED SOMEONE who can do good mechanical work on 1965 Chevy van at fair prices. Must have own tools and working area. Call Ted at 769-0135.

LESLIE AUSTIN, where are you? Contact Richard Mercouris in San Diego at 2261 Froude St., or call 714-222-3673.

RAMBLECROWE needs an experienced talented guitarist who can sing. We have three sets of songs, with ½ jazz rock originals. We're going through personnel changes. Call Steve at 662-3394.

BRIND YOUR OLD RECORDS to the Ozone House Liberation Music Collection at 302 E. Liberty.

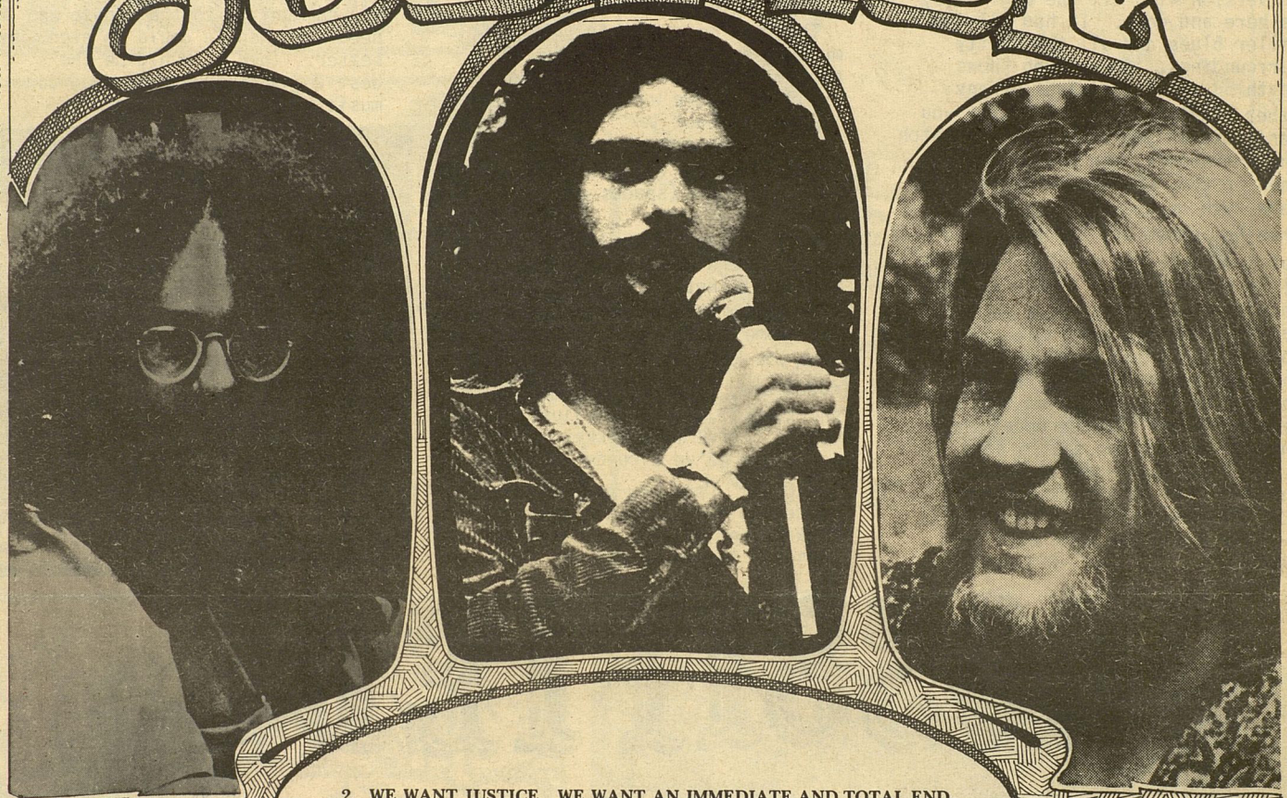
WOODWIND REPAIRS DONE. Charge little more than cost of material for the experience. I couldn't do worse than Paul's, and I get it out quicker. John at 663-0794.

ANN ARBOR'S FREE MEDICAL CLINIC needs people to work and help fix it up. Meetings are Monday nights at 9:00, 302 E. Liberty at Fifth.

FOR SALE: pool table, slate top with all wood grain finish. $250 Nick at KE4-5429.

This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

WE WANT JUSTICE



2. WE WANT JUSTICE. WE WANT AN IMMEDIATE AND TOTAL END TO ALL POLITICAL, CULTURAL AND SEXIST REPRESSION OF ALL OPPRESSED PEOPLES ALL OVER THE WORLD, PARTICULARLY THE OPPRESSION OF BLACK PEOPLE, OF WOMEN, OF GAY PEOPLE, OF YOUNG PEOPLE, AND ALL NATIONAL MINORITIES WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERIKA. WE WANT THE COMPLETE TRANSFORMATION OF THE SO-CALLED LEGAL SYSTEM IN THE UNITED STATES SO THAT THE LAWS AND COURTS AND POLICE AND MILITARY WILL FUNCTION ONLY IN THE BEST INTERESTS OF ALL THE PEOPLE. WE WANT THE END OF ALL POLICE AND MILITARY VIOLENCE DIRECTED AGAINST THE PEOPLE OF THE EARTH RIGHT NOW!

NATION

NATION

FREE JOHN, PUN, & JACK & ALL PEOPLES FROM THE C.I.A. CONSPIRACY

Send contributions to the White Panther Defense Fund - 1520 Hill St. Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

GARY GRIMSHAW

This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

REVEAL DIGITAL

Ann Arbor Argus

Source: *Reveal Digital*, 12-17-1970

Contributed by: NOUS VAINCRONS; Bruce; C&S; John Larkin; Kathy; Susie Griffin; CAROL PHILLIPS PAT HOFFER

Stable URL: https://www.jstor.org/stable/community.28032595

Licenses: Creative Commons: Attribution-NonCommercial

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

This item is openly available as part of an Open JSTOR Collection.
For terms of use, please refer to our Terms & Conditions at https://about.jstor.org/terms/#whats-in-jstor

Reveal Digital is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *Reveal Digital*

JSTOR

This content downloaded from
152.117.117.36 on Tue, 08 Jul 2025 11:28:47 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms